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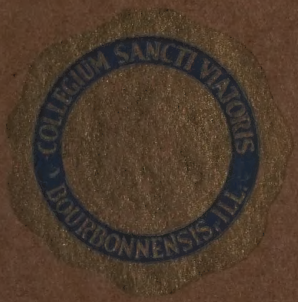
The VIATORIAN

VOLUME 36 NUMBER 2



FAC ET SPERA

WINTER NUMBER, 1919
ST. VIATOR COLLEGE
BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

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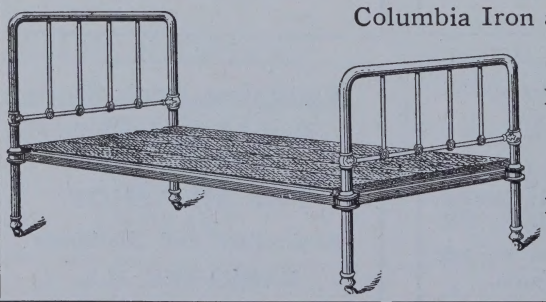

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The Viatorian
FAC ET SPERA
Volume 36 Winter Number, 1919 Number 2

The Sea-shell's Message

Who sent thee here, my pretty shell,
  Afar from the glistening sand,
What message dost thou bring to me
  From the ocean's wind swept strand?

And tell me, art thou murmuring,
  Or is it the wild sea's roar—
Perchance 'tis the sighing of thy heart,
  To behold the sea once more?

My message's from thy dearest friend,
  From his brine-kissed, seaside home—
"May your joys be as vast as the ocean,
  And your cares as light as its foam."

Though I long for the billowy ocean,
  And pine for the white sea sand—
I am happier as Friendship's messenger,
  Than I was on the ocean strand.

J. A. W.

Joan of Arc

R. L. R.

IN defining America's intentions relative to the European war, President Wilson made it clear that all real Americans "desire peace by the overcoming of evil, by the defeat once for all of the sinister forces that interrupt peace and render it impossible." When the peace of the world was shattered by lawless autocracy, the American people did not cease in their desire to regain peace by the annihilation of those powers that rendered it impossible, but they earnestly took up arms and did not sheath the sword until they had these desecrators of the rights of humanity begging for mercy. America has always defended right, and when the occasion presented itself her ideals withstood the acid test of trial. Quickly she rallied her sons around her and placed the sword of justice in their eager hands, and bade them bare their breast to the enemy's fire in order that they might strike forever from the feet of all nations the fetters that centuries of covetous greed had forged. The story of how America rushed to the rescue of the Allied powers and saved the world from the sway of the sword needs no retelling. But, let us take a retrospective glance and see what one certain individual did in defense of those same great ideals for which Belgium and France have sacrificed and died. And when there was danger of their succumbing to the enemy, America aroused herself, stood erect and in the majesty of her might and strength, and in the name of humanity hurled the gauge of battle into the face of this proud and haughty enemy that was drunk with military power and mad with the lust of conquest. The brain and brawn of America's young manhood stayed the arm of the German war lord and saved the world from the rule of might. But what America has done for the preservation of the modern age from the contamination of the sword was done for the mediaeval age by the peasant girl of Domremy, Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc was the first great warrior for the freedom of nations. Previous to her all great warriors were conquerors. Alexander, Caesar and William the Conqueror were the avowed champions of conquest and gain, whose sole aims were the fettering of weaker powers and the exaction of tribute linked with their own thirst for military fame. Their banners were never unfurled in the cause of freedom, love for right nor for that greatest of national ideals, democracy. But it was a woman, a mere child,

who first directed the forces of her country against an unjust aggressor, and who first struck the shackles of subjection from the feet of a less powerful nation. It was a woman who first undertook a war for humanity. Joan of Arc in the vastness of her natural reasoning was firmly convinced that "Providence never sent a few men into this world ready booted and spurred to ride, and a million others ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." Yet in direct opposition to Providence her country was saddled and upon her back with boots of injustice and spurs of oppression sat the conqueror. She felt the anguish, pain and degradation to which her beloved country was being subjected. She heard her country crying out in the throes of subjection, "Give me liberty, or give me death." With fast beating heart she bent her head to listen and through the trees came the wafted voice of the messenger of God, commanding, "Go on, daughter, go on."

Would she give that country liberty or would she give it death? There could be no doubt as to her choice. It was the voice of God that called. Quickly she arose, put on the fearful habiliments of war and set out on her mission of humanity. The remaining days of her short life were devoted to the mighty task of mastering might by right.

For this sacrifice of her life she has won the applause of admiring men, one of whom says: "The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension of the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is flawless, it is still ideally perfect, it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment." Greater praise than this cannot be given even to the most pampered darlings of history.

Who was Joan of Arc and what did she do? She was a simple shepherd girl, a child, unlettered, ignorant of the arts of war, unknown and without influence, and yet she saved France from degradation, shame and subjection. She declared that she knew not A from B and yet she persuaded the authorities of the state to intrust her with the control of the army. She was commander-in-chief of an army and only seventeen years old. She made an army of desperate and impious men religious, and unfolded to their minds lofty ideals. She gave courage to cowards and turned robbers into fervent patriots and honest men. She unified the discouraged and scattered remnant of an army that knew nothing but defeat and she solved most intricate problems of military stratagem. She met the rain of arrows and bullets as if they were but a mockery and animated her soldiers so that one fought with the strength of ten. She spoke and acted like a general and did the work that would have exhausted strong men. She drove the enemy from beseiged cities and in a few weeks turned the tide of a war that military geniuses had failed to master during the course of a hundred years. Uncounseled she faced

the most learned doctors of the universities; defied a court room full of judges and suffered martyrdom "for tenets she would not forsake,"—in short, she acted as the need of the hour demanded and all this when she was but seventeen years of age.

Is it possible that the dauntless courage of a shepherdess should strike panic into armies? Can the faith of a maid break the iron-bound will of grim visaged war? Can the tide of human events be turned by a little girl? Can the fate of civilization depend upon the generalship of a maid? Can the natural reasoning of a child confound the subtle logic of university doctors? The most authentic facts of history verify affirmative answers to these questions.

But the most wonderful act of all is that she accomplished these things in the face of direct opposition and cruel persecution and even when France was most degraded. Centered around the weak-minded king were counselors who were sworn enemies to Joan and her holy cause. They labored incessantly for her destruction. From the moment she first sought audience with the king until they had her tied to the stake, these unsympathetic men were unceasing in their desire to thwart her plans and to persecute her. Besides being handicapped by these enemies of her own household Joan was hindered from the speedy accomplishment of her mission by the existing political conditions of the country. France was in a miserable state of turmoil and disorder. The realm was torn by furious factions of Burgundians and Amagnacs and gradually became involved in a civil war. The English became mercenaries of the Burgundians, and in expectation of the French throne, they sent large numbers of soldiers into France. The kingly power was being bartered by the queen Isabella. The army consisted of but a scattered remnant of the nation's forces and the entire country was devastated by guerilla warfare. But panoplied as it was in rusty armor and dull swords Joan rallied the army around her and led them forth to meet the English. Her very presence and the waving of her banner inspired courage and hope into the hearts of the despairing French and fear into the hearts of the proud English. Town after town which the enemy had seized fell, and with the raising of the seige of Orleans the zenith of Joan's military triumph was reached. The strength of the English power in France was fast dying, never more to revive.

Half of Joan's mission was now accomplished but there still remained the crowning of the young Dauphin, the rightful king of France. The coronation took place soon afterwards in the Cathedral of Rheims. Joan, who believed her mission now fulfilled, desired to return home. But the king detained her. The English were not yet driven from France, so when Compeigne was in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, Joan again took up arms to fight for France. During a sortie, whether

through design or panic, the gates of the garrison were closed. Joan and a few of her soldiers were left in the open field and fell captives to a troop of Burgundians. She was sold to her arch-enemies, the English, for the vast sum of $110,000. The English were willing to pay such an enormous price for so deadly an enemy.

Here her martyrdom began and it did not end until its consummation at the stake, eight months later. The ascent to her Calvary was preceded by her trial, "the most tragic mockery of justice ever recorded in history." The infamous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, corrupted by English money, dared to assert that as "the witch" had been captured in his diocese she must be tried before him.

Accordingly the trial commenced in all judicial pomp, but it was not to judge this lovely lily, but by a preconcerted plan to pronounce sentence of death upon her. She was condemned even before she was captured because in reply to one of her official letters the English had said: "If we catch you we will burn you." But the court dare not condemn her without some pretext. The charges brought against her were heresy, witchcraft and the wearing of men's apparel. There was positively no grounds for the first two charges and the nature of her mission warranted the wearing of the male garb. Her judges numbered sixty of the most learned men of the Universities; they "were men on whom Cauchon could rely." In the pride of their intellect they reasoned that by their subtle questionings they would entrap her in a contradiction or they would force her to make some foolish answer. Joan was but the unlettered shepherdess, whilst they were the savants of the age. Yet, without counsel, she easily parried their attacks six hours each day for months and in the end they were forced to acknowledge that she had baffled them. A historian records her trial thus: "When one inquisitor became worn out in the strain of trying to entrap her, another would take his place. They had her mind continually on the torture rack, and in striving to break it were themselves broken."

Her martyrdom was by no means limited to the court room, for whilst she was imprisoned, she suffered most excruciating agonies. She was chained to a pillar and confined in an iron cage. At night she was bound to her bed which was but a plank. This pure-minded maid was constrained to endure the vulgar language of drunken guards, who, day and night, kept a constant watch on her. During her imprisonment she was visited but once by a person of her own sex. It is not possible to describe the physical sufferings that Joan endured during her imprisonment. Her mental sufferings also defy description. Strong men often break down in a few days under the cross-examination of attorneys. But here was a maiden, one of God's gentlest creatures, who, after a year of hard campaigning and after months of enervating

imprisonment, endured and replied to the double-edged questions of her malignant judges. For months these judges wheeled into line their heaviest batteries from the arsenals of their logic and subtle reasonings and ineffectively bombarded the impregnable fortresses of this girl's faith and natural reasoning. She who had only to wave her banner and the enemy fled panic-stricken, had but to open her mouth and her judges were confounded. The ease with which she avoided the snares set for her by the crafty interrogators amazed them and the wisdom of her answers astounded them. But Joan attributed none of this to herself, her trust was in God. She firmly believed God had sent her to fulfill a Providential mission and like St. Paul she reasoned that "if God be with me who shall be against me?"

Finally, the day came when Joan was condemned to suffer death by burning. A day which at that time was looked upon as marking her downfall and the triumph of her enemies. Things have changed since then, in fact, they are the reverse, for now the day of her martyrdom is regarded as the day of her triumph and the downfall of her enemies. Deserted by her soldiers; forgotten by the king for whom she had won a crown; forsaken by her friends and defended by no one, this poor, innocent lamb was led to the slaughter with no hand stretched forth to help her. In the beginning of her trial there were a few who had sufficient manhood in them to protest against such a vile deed but they were quickly silenced by the powerful and influential Cauchon. But can we wonder that when Joan fell into the hands of her enemies she was abandoned by the people whom she had saved and by the king she had restored to a throne, when her Master before her had been forsaken by all and even thrice denied by one of his best-beloved disciples when He fell into the hands of His enemies? Why are we amazed to hear those who at the deliverance of Orleans cried, "Vive La Pucelle!" and a few days later shouted, "Burn her, burn her!" when the very same tongues that made the streets of Jerusalem resound with loud Hosannas and "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," not five days later clamored, "Crucify Him, crucify Him?"

It was on the 29th of May, 1431, that Joan of Arc, guarded by eight hundred soldiers, was led to her execution. But let us speak but briefly how this maid of seventeen, worn out by sickness and the coarse prison food until her frail body was a physical wreck, was shackled with heavy chains and dragged like a criminal to execution; and how this fairest flower was crushed beneath the cruel heel of ruthless power; and how in all meekness she lifted her flame and smoke-wreathed face to heaven and prayed for her executioners. Joan died in ignominy and her ashes were thrown to the winds but her name and the story of her life will live forever, honored by all truth-loving and ideal-inspiring men and women.

The murder of Joan of Arc rests equally on France and England, the one should have ransomed her; the other should have given her the justice of a fair trial. The French remained indifferent to the fate of their rescuer and for this they needs must incur some guilt of the murder. The English allowed their hatred for an enemy to outweigh justice and they thereby contract part of the blame. But by no means can this fearful outrage be imputed to the Catholic Church, as some historians have asserted. 'Tis true that the infamous Cauchon was a Catholic Bishop and that it was he who brought about the burning of the Maid of Orleans. But the sin of this one member cannot be ascribed to the Church. It was Cauchon who killed Joan of Arc and not the Catholic Church. Joan herself exculpates the Church when she said as the executioners were tying her to the stake, "Bishop, I die by you. If you had put me in the hands of the Church I had never come here." The trial and the jury were Cauchon's and not the Church's. Joan had appealed that her case should be taken before the Pope but Cauchon would not give ear to her. He knew full well that if the representative of Him who will one day judge the world with equity should hear of Joan of Arc, he would deal justly with her and thus frustrate his own well-laid plans. The Church was not even consulted nor did the news of Joan's trial and martyrdom reach Rome until long after her death. 'Tis true that the jury which pronounced Joan as deserving of death was composed of the most learned theological doctors of the university of Paris and members of the French hierarchy. But it is likewise more than true that these men, no matter what their erudition or ecclesiastical dignity might have been, did not constitute the Church's tribunal and hence could not validly act in the name of the Church, unless delegated by the Pope. They were fawning flatterers who rallied around the infamous chief when he was bribed by English gold to secure "men on whom he could rely," and by means of a mock trial catch the fair young warrior "upon the hip."

When the Church received the information of Joan's trial and death she immediately examined the processes and to the shame of her enimies and to Joan's greater glory branded a hundred and one of the articles as errors and the whole trial illegal. A new trial was called and after extensive investigation and consideration the Pope's commission unanimously declared "the whole process a fallacy, fraud and deception done and committed by Pierre Cauchon." So it was not the Church that executed Joan of Arc, but "a conspiracy of learned political brigands," headed by Cauchon, who were traitors both to France and Catholicism.

The Church never showed any malice towards Joan of Arc. As soon as the news of her death reached Rome a movement was initiated to rectify the illegalities of the first trial. In the re-

habilitation processes, the decision of Cauchon was reversed, and he and his jury were condemned as "unfaithful, unrepresentative, unjust and unfit" and were cut off from the Church. Since that time the Church has been most solicitous in bestowing honors upon the Maid of Orleans, the crowning act having been reached on April 11th, 1909, when Pope Pius IX passed the solemn decree of her canonization and added a new name to the calendar of the Saints, Joan of Arc, patroness of France.

Such is the life, trial and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. She was a proof to the mediaeval age that might can be mastered by right. America is a proof of this to the modern age. Joan of Arc and America are honored and admired by all the world because "Pro Humanitate" is written beneath the deeds of both. Joan's banner raised over Orleans waved away the despair of the oppressed and down-trodden of the mediaeval age. It filled the hearts of war lords with fear and symbolized right and the right of everyone to justice and liberty. America's banner symbolizes all that Joan of Arc's did and has saved not a nation, but a world from the galling yoke of servitude.

"Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

—Tennyson

When Shall It Be?

When shall it be, O God,
  When shall it be?
That Thou wilt gently call
  My soul to Thee?
O God, will it be soon,
  Or must it be—
Long years aweaving on
  Life's tapestry?

Will't be in silent night?
  Perchance 'twill be—
Or when the voiceless dawn
  Caresses me?
Will't be at blaze of noon
  Or shall it be—
When twilight's sable robe,
  Enfoldeth me?

When it shall be, O God,
  I may not know—
But if it be to-day,
  Thou willst it so.
Or must I weave on, till
  My skein is spun—
If so, teach me to say:
  "Thy will be done."

J. A. W.

Algy and Percy

J. Glen Powers

ALGERNON Marmaduke Spoofington Van Amsterdarn was a misfit. Aside from a falsetto voice and a loop-hound figure his most striking ear marks were a lisp, a monocle, a taste for passionate socks and the knack of always being where he was not wanted. He was known to be a parlor rough-neck for an acquaintance had once heard him say "darn" and use abusive language to the gold fish. Algy haunted drawing rooms and to cap the climax had the temerity to fall in love.

Algy was in love with a beautiful young lady who was mildly aware of his existence. Some one had introduced them, but she, believing it to be a practical joke, had not given the matter a second thought. But Algy was doomed from the first. At once life became tragic to him and more bearable to his friends. No more did he haunt the gilded palaces of pleasure or worship at the dazzling shrine of beauty. The candy, flowers, and other time-honored trappings of love matches threatened to separate him from his only friend, his money. On the other hand, the sweet young thing read the card attached to these offerings and passed the flowers to her maid, the candy to the butler's kids and the theatre tickets to the ice man. Algy lived on in blissful ignorance. In time he passed the sonnet composing stage and came down to earth. A few weeks later he was successful in securing an invitation to one of HER receptions. That evening was blissful. After she had three times mistaken him for an extra butler and twice for a hall boy, he was fortunate enough, with the aid of ten or twelve acquaintances, to convince her that he was a guest. Thereafter Algy became a regular fixture like, let us say, the door mat. Both received about the same treatment.

Madelaine Van Twitter Argyle-Smythton (for that was our heroine's name) bore Algy's visits, sonnets, conversations and invitations with the sweet resignation of a martyr. He was one of the discomforts of high society, as necessary as pink tea and grand opera, and about as interesting. The poor dub bought a bale of theatre tickets, a conservatory of flowers and the output of a candy factory. He burnt out a gross of batteries on the door bell and had worn out six pairs of the footman's shoes answering the same. More than one servant left the service of the fair lady with a deadened conscience attributed to the little stories

with which they forestalled the love smitten yokel. But Algy was resolute.

One night—Ah! Madelaine sat in the warm glow of the open fire. How ethereal her beauty! How majestic that divine figure. The flitting beams played about her golden hair, giving it the tinge of burnished brass. The beauty of the room, with its wondrous furnishing, seemed squalid in comparison with her charm of face and figure. Algy's heart went pitter-patter. The mad desire to throw himself at her feet and the stern necessity of scratching the back of his neck struggled for the mastery. "Madelaine," he sputtered, "I er—er—er—" Just then the butler announced Percival Fitz-Doggone Hunqueaches. With a squeal of delight Madelaine jumped to her feet and hastened to meet the young Adonis entering the room. Percy had the features of a god, the physique of a Greek athlete and the manners of a wrist slapper. The only occupation he indulged in was spending the paternal fortune. The rest of the time was occupied in displaying his wardrobe, attending social functions and impressing maidens with his god-like beauty. Madelaine fell into his arms. He—poor Algy—kissed her. Somehow or other they noticed Algy in the foreground. "Isn't it rather late for you to be out?" queried Percy, with withering scorn. With a terrible cuss word the broken-hearted Algy raised his arm—and—and—received his hat from the servant. His love was hopeless, almost as much so as himself. There was nothing for him to do but go back to his old existence.

War was declared. Four months later Madelaine, in a Red Cross uniform, and Percy, in the regalia of an officer, passed Algy. Algy was in the draft but it wasn't half as chilling as the look she gave him. "To think," sighed she, later to Percy, "you and I are sacrificing all, while that man does nothing. But," with a sigh of resignation, "it is noble to give our all for those who know not their duty." Percy, with a wonderful build for a uniform but no inclination for bullets, smiled with condescending scorn and calm self-approval. It was, indeed, a noble thing to sacrifice one's self upon the altar of patriotism. Madelaine slaved fourteen hours a day, showing off her uniform at various teas, dances, receptions, and bazaars, and a half hour trying to grasp the intricate art of rolling a bandage for the Red Cross. Percy had also condescended to go to the assistance of his country. Though he hated dirt and walking and such plebian matters he went to Washington and came back a Lieutenant. Algy was no warrior. His friends pitied him. But that did not worry Algy. Better an object of pity than the makings of a funeral. He tried to protect himself from the draft by an ample covering of Red Cross, War Work, and Liberty Bond coupons. But if you stay in the draft long enough you are bound to get results. Algy got them.

Life became a nightmare to our hero. He learned to cuss, to quake in his boots at the strident voice of the sergeant, to tell his left foot from his right and he gleaned something of the gentle art of peeling "spuds." But despite all this he was a miserable failure. Whenever he executed a command correctly the drill sergeant sat down and wept for joy. It was the matter of half an hour for him to assemble a pack, and of two hours to get into his leggings. No one was safe within twenty feet of him on the bayonet run. To crown all, he called a major, corporal. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. As he spent most of his time in K. P., it was decided to make the appointment permanent. Algernon Von Amsterdarn, the fastidious, the squeamish, who had never before done anything more exerting than punch a sofa pillow, was a "Knight of the Kitchen." His friends lost track of him for he, weary of mind and body, spent all of his spare time sleeping. When he was ordered to France he went, stoically sending a lone telegram to the steward of his favorite club.

Percy labored zealously for the cause of the Allies. His life was a trying one. Each day he must wind his wrist watch, sit at a desk and draw designs on his blotting pad. In the evening he, despite his fatigue, must don his full regalia for dinner and Madelaine. He was a constant delight to the dear girl. She gazed soulfully upon his expensive and faultless uniform, his shining boots, his insignia and especially the spurs, for they were her conquest. She had insisted upon them and Percy, finding what an assistance they were in keeping his feet from sliding off the desk, had lovingly acquiesced. Yes, indeed, Percy was a real hero. He spoke knowingly of the strategic features of each advance, of his approval of Foch, of his migiving of Pershing tactics. Surely he, a member of the Intelligence department, was in a position to speak authoritatively of such matters. Army life was a hard grind, you know. And he knew it when he was ordered to France. After desperately interviewing fourteen senators, nine or ten congressmen, six or eight magnates and quelling a burst of hysterics from Madelaine, he faced the inevitable manfully. If his country needed him in Paris to list the hotels and living quarters of his brother officers he must go. It was his duty. At the dock he kissed Madelaine, the weeping, the clinging, dashed his arm across his eyes, turned tragically, slowly from her arms, lifted his eyebrows pathetically and galloped up the gang plank. Madelaine's grief was terrible—he had to cross in a common transport.

Three months later Percy was on his way to the front. He was carrying a dinner invitation from his general to the French commander. His heart thrilled with emotion. He would be in the midst of the fight. (The general's headquarters were seven miles behind the actual front and two shells had landed there only a

week ago.) The staff car slowed its pace. They had come upon a regiment bound for the front lines. They were soon winding carefully in and out among the supply trucks. About ten minutes later the car's right of way was blocked by a queer vehicle, much like those little kettles on wheels used to melt tar in. It was drawn by six mules which the driver was cursing beautifully and prolifically. Something about that high-pitched voice was hauntingly familiar to Percy. The driver of the rolling kitchen turned to adjust the short piece of stove pipe. Percy gasped. It was his rival, Algy. Algy, the chauffeur of a "goulash cannon!" A moment later he was ambling behind the six mules. A burly roughneck on a truck bellowed at the driver of the staff car to move on. Percy turned to tell the man his place, but a transport officer told him to dry up and get back to home and mother. When Percy did get back to Paris he wore a wound stripe. He had been terribly shocked and his feeling severely wounded. In answer to his next letter Madelaine made many clever and caustic comments on Algy's status in the army that were exceedingly amusing.

Six weeks later Algy was in the Argonne, dodging shells, making "mulligan" and chaperoning his mules. His outfit was camouflaged and dug-in. About a half mile away was Hell's Corner, an exposed break in the natural defense, continually combed by machine gun fire and perpetually stormed by shells. A change in the front had brought the Yank lines about 600 yards beyond the continually stormed spot. The men holding the lines beyond were under a terrible handicap. The casualties in this sector exceeded those of any other section of the front. The enemy appreciated the precariousness attending the defense of this line and made it practically impossible to relieve the men. Ration parties were few and far between and passed back and forth in the night only to bring up artillery supplies to the batteries beyond the break.

A great offensive veered around this spot shortly after Algy's arrival. The Huns raked "Hell's Corner" with machine gun, H. E., and rifle. The wearied fighters, straggling back, brought news of the terrible odds against which the men beyond the break were contending. It was a hopeless fight to save a valuable position. It was temporarily secure for only the day before a dare-devil had driven a truck load of "ammo" through and half of the truck and all of the driver were now scattered over a great portion of "somewhere in France." The next day the situation was critical. The men had "ammo" but they had held out against the Germans for four days without a bit of food. If they received nothing for another 24 hours they would have to fall back. Hunger exhausts and weakens beyond the staying power of deathless courage.

It was "Hell's Corner" where death squatted on every square

inch of ground that spelled destruction. Algy listened. He filled his "cannon" to the limit with iron rations and prayed that the busy shells would not find him out. Percy had thought a real thought.

About nine that night the crouching artillery outpost pricked up their ears at some very unusual sounds. Across the shell-torn stretch straight for "Hell's Corner" dashed a curious vehicle which left in its wake the odor of mulligan, sundry curses, the screams of terrified animals, the rattle of harness and sparks. They thought at first it was a fire engine and desperately rubbed their eyes. Excitement conquered amazement.

"Where's the ——— fool goin' with that blinkety-blank boiler factory? The crazy nut!" bellowed one.

"What is it?" yelped a second. "He's tearing for the corner of the ridge."

"By the lord, Harry! It's a goulash cannon," yelled the third, above the din.

"A goulash cannon???!!!!!"

"Sure! See the little patch of red where the fire box is? I'll bet the lad is trying to bring up rations in a goulash cannon." The voice trailed away in a kind of sob. The three stared after brave but foolish doughboy, trying to bring up rations in a field kitchen. Why, he'd never get six feet beyond the corner.

"He'll get his in a second."

"There, he's around the corner and tearing out for the trenches. A shell 'll get him in a few feet."

"How is he going to get around those shell holes? He's some mule skinner if he goes ten feet without upsetting."

"Look at that shell burst. It got him."

The men listened and strained their eyes to see him in the next flare of a star shell. But bouncing, jerking, swaying, the "cannon" rattled on its way, shooting sparks like a young volcano. Another furious shell burst and the artillerymen saw the crazy contraption veer into a shell hole and right itself with a jerk. The driver maneuvered his team of mules with wonderful skill.

"That's a 100 yards covered. Another 150 and he'll hit the third line reserve."

In the flares they saw the grotesquely outlined cart dash headlong into a shell hole (groan). A shell burst fearfully near. The mules pitched and struggled to their feet, dragging the kitchen after them. The sagging figure on the driver's seat stiffened and swung the animals' heads to the trench. The men in the trench gawked awestruck at the apparition looming up in the glarish light of shell and rocket. A grizzled sergeant shouted to his office, "It's a goulash cannon. How'd the crazy mutt get this far?" But the officer was not concerned with that side of the question. A rolling kitchen, even in the impossible setting of

No Man's Land, meant food. And food meant hanging on for a day more. A fury of shell fire roared around the fool lucky cannon. Another hundred yards and the reserve trench would be reached. They were almost there. A terrific burst roared about 15 yards from the cannon. The driver was blown through the air into the barbed wire beyond the trench. The cart slid sideways, rolled over and toppled into the trench. With a wild cheer the hungry fighters passed along the bullet-riddled iron rations. It was the matter of a minute to drag the driver to the shelter of the trench. Two days later the Yanks smashed through, Berlinward.

Peace was declared. Percy and Madelaine sat before the library fire. They humorously spoke of Algy, who was probably making goulash in France. Of course, all of the soldiers, especially the common rabble, could not be heroes like unto Percy, who flaunted a hard-earned service stripe and a lot of souvenirs purchased in Paris. He had been commended by his superiors—commended for immediate shipment home to get him out of the way. Percy, with a warm sense of duty done, was again basking in the sunshine of our dear heroine's smile. The marriage would be in a few days.

It was the evening of her marriage day. The bride and groom were looking over the wedding presents. The last was a little package that had come in the morning mail. It was addressed to the bride. Disdainfully she opened it. What gift could such a small package contain? She drew forth a small plush case and expectantly opened it. Resting on the satin was a small bronze cross—the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States. Through her tears she read the small note enclosed: "Private A. Von Amsterdarn died in this hospital of wounds received in battle. Shortly before losing consciousness he was awarded the D. S. C. for extreme gallantry in battle. His last words were that it be sent to you."

The riches of a commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health,
And, more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.—Whittier

THE REVEREND JOSEPH P. MUNDAY,
Chaplain.

Funeral Oration*

Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.

FOR what have I in heaven? And besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou are the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever. Psalm 72:25, 26.

In selecting this text to sound the keynote of the life of our departed friend, my choice is determined by the fact, that, a few years ago, Father Munday, after repeating these words, exclaimed: "This surely is the cry of every priestly heart." An intimate friendship, a friendship more precious than silver or gold and more lasting than death, a friendship the seeds of which, sown in his boyhood days grew with the ripening years until it blossomed forth and bore fruit in his manhood, confirms me in the conviction that all the years of his young life were attuned by this noble aspiration to the higher life with Christ in God. The companions of his youth, the friends of his manhood, the co-laborers of his priesthood, the students who received the inspirations of his teaching and the people who received the benediction of his priestly ministrations, all unite with me to-day in declaring that his every effort was consecrated to God and his one desire was that God should be his portion forever. This priest of God whose lips were eloquent with the word of God, whose hands so often lifted up the chalice of Salvation, whose heart always throbbed with love of God and humanity is now silent, motionless, still, yet he never more eloquently uttered the cry of his soul, "What have I in heaven and besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou are the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever."

In striving to interpret the life of Father Munday in the light of the high ideal to which it was consecrated we are actuated by no love of vulgar praise, when praise is but a shallow mockery and "the sound of flattery soothes not the dull, cold ear of death," but we are moved by the hope of our own edification, for his life is a living sermon and that life speaks most eloquently in the silence of death. His life was ennobled because in all his strivings he sought God. From the dawn of reason to the noon-day sun of young manhood when his temporal life was merged into the splendor of the eternal day he had but one aim and that was

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* Delivered by Rev. J. P. O'Mahony, C. S. V., at Father Munday's funeral.

to know Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, to make Him known and loved by men.

His first outlook upon life was from the vantage ground of a Christian home, a home dominated by the sublime principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, a home in which the one concern of a saintly mother and a virtuous father was to bring up children in the fear and love of Almighty God. Back of that home there was the noble tradition of a long line of Catholic ancestry which glorified the cause of truth, justice and humanity and taught the lesson that sacrifice is the true test of human worth. In the Catholic school at Litchfield, Illinois, his native town, his teachers, the Dominican Sisters, those noble virgins who follow the inspiration of the glorious Saint Dominic, reiterated the lessons of his home and impressed indelibly upon his youthful mind the idea that the life of man on earth is a warfare. Hence, when he came to man's estate we find him consecrating his young manhood to the service of God in the cause of truth. The purpose of life was ever before his mind and consequently he bent every energy to know God more fully so that he might love him more ardently and serve him more devotedly.

The first personal problem which confronted him was to know the special design God had in creating him. In the solution of this problem he was aided by the wise counsels of good parents and the careful training of Christian teachers. Under their faithful guidance he turned aside from the various avenues that would have led him to earthly success and directed his steps towards the sanctuary. The priesthood became the goal of his ambition and in accordance with the true ideal of that vocation implanted in his heart by the traditions of a faith which feels that the highest royalty is the royalty of Jesus Christ he put forth every effort to prepare himself fittingly for this crowning glory. For many years he labored patiently to put on Jesus Christ and after two years of study at St. Francis College and a brilliant career extending over eight years in St. Viator College and Seminary, the anxious hopes and fervent prayers of his youth found their consummation in his call to orders. At that eventful hour, despite his long years of preparation, he prostrated himself before the Altar of the Lord protesting his unworthiness; but as he came with clean hands and a pure heart God poured upon him the oil of consecration and made him partaker in Christ's eternal priesthood.

Then, when he might have felt like many another youth that the bondage of school life was over, he hearkened to the scriptural promise that "those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the firmament" and to prepare himself for the career of teacher, he entered America's greatest Catholic School, the University at Washington. After distinguishing himself there to the extent of winning a fellowship he went to Rome, the

heart of Christendom, so that in its world famous schools he might attain the perfection of scholarship. When he returned, with characteristic loyalty and devotion , he offered to his Alma Mater, St. Viator's, the fruit of his long years of study. During his five years in the Chair of Theology at St. Viator's Seminary he devoted all the powers of his brilliant mind and all the zeal of his generous heart to mould and fashion young Levites into worthy priests like unto himself, faithful images of the Eternal Exemplar, Christ Jesus. At the command of his Bishop, despite his love of teaching and the extensive preparation which he had made for this as his life work, he returned to his native diocese to assume the charge of a parish. Here the zeal of the teacher was transformed into the devotion of the Good Shepherd who knows his flock and leads them into fresh pastures. While engaged in parish work, his country's call, the clarion call of justice and humanity, re-echoed throughout the land and, in response, with an Americanism in keeping with his Catholicity, he volunteered his services to do all that a Catholic priest could do to upbuild and maintain the morale of our magnificent army. In the Catholic education which he received he imbibed the true spirit of patriotism. For him duty to God and country went hand in hand; the virtues of patriotism and religion were one and inseparable; love of country was no effervescent sentiment, but an eternal religion. He felt, that whether he knelt with body bent before the altar of his God or stood with head erect beneath the starry folds of his nation's flag, in either posture he but recognized a power divine and in his devotion, whether it be called patriotism or religion, he but felt that transforming power which alone begets nobility when in very deed he realized that with God or country "to serve is to reign." With a spirit such as this, the tediousness of a Chaplain's round of duties in the home cantonments, where every one is fretting and fuming to get into the glorious action of a just war, did not dampen his ardor, but, while putting forth every effort to bring personally, as he told me, the ministrations of religion to our religiously abandoned soldiers in Siberia, he used, for the benefit of our splendid young Americans at the Great Lakes that wonderful influence over youth with which God had blessed him. There, as he went about among the sailors like his Divine Master who went among men doing good, while administering the last rites to a victim of that dread plague whose ravages rival the awful devastation of war, he contracted the malady and after a few days at his home, a few days which were for him a beautiful preparation for death, when fully conscious he received all the last sacraments, he went forth in answer to the command of that Captain to Whom he had sworn allegiance in his youth and to Whom he was never foresworn. Thus closes in its thirty-third year the mortal career of Father Joseph Munday, a young man, in the prime of life; he had but just scaled the hill tops of life and was looking down the

valley of expectation. Life's full fruition he had not yet tasted. By nature and grace, by learning and refinement, by his manly life and priestly living, he was destined to achieve what the world calls success but by his devotion to duty he sacrificed his earthly future to merit, from the Master Whom he served, that "well done good and faithful servant" which will secure to him an eternity of bliss.

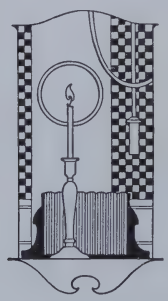
As a man Father Munday had the heart of a boy, a heart full of fun and frolic. He lived in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and by his very life preached a religion which brought heaven down to earth and lifted earth up to heaven. His heart was so charged with virtue that goodness radiated in all his actions. Unselfishness was so natural to him that he always dealt in generosity. He specialized in dispelling sorrow and was never so happy as when he could make tears give way to smiles. His loyalty to his friends was like his devotion to his own family, always so genuine that it never need have recourse to subterfuge. Kindness in him was second nature and his kind deeds bespoke a mind which was ever the peaceful home of kind thoughts. The natural in him was so good that it was a splendid foundation for the beautiful superstructure of grace which God built thereon.

As a priest Father Munday was ever conscious of the responsibilities of his sacred calling. He kept ever before his mind the parting admonition of Christ to His ministers, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," and he strove manfully to be able to say to his spiritual children, "Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ." Thus while leading to higher worlds like his Divine Master he led the way. He kept his eyes ever fixed on the perfect model the Eternal Priest Christ Jesus, and though he knew full well that he could never scale the starry summit of transcendant perfection whereon the Divine model was enthroned, yet he kept ever climbing so that he might reflect more fully the splendor of the light which beamed from the Divine countenance. The words of Christ, "As the Father hath sent me I also send you," ever resounded in his ears and sank into the very depths of his soul and with them came the consciousness of his sacred office. "As the Father hath sent me I also send you," that is, with the self same mission which I received from the Eternal Father I send you forth into the world. As the Father hath sent me to bring the fullness of truth to mankind, so I send you to teach men all things whatsoever I have commanded you. As the Father hath sent me to take away the handwriting of sin which stood against the human race, so I send you to remove from individual souls the burden of crime, to heal the humble and contrite of heart. As the Father hath sent me so that from the rising of the sun until the going down His name may be great among the Gentiles and sacrifice may be everywhere, so I send you to offer in His name the clean oblation.

This mission which Father Munday received in common with every priest of the Catholic Church imposed upon him a task before which the bravest spirit might have quailed and the loftiest genius shrunk back abashed, for it was no less a task than the conquest of a world. Unbelieving, adulterous generations are perpetually asking for a sign, and the priest of God must continually hold aloft the sign of the Cross which contradicts the world. In the fulfillment of this duty Father Munday exercised a zeal which compelled him to give the best that was in him to the service of the Lord. His duty told him that he should preach the word of God, his zeal compelled him to preach the word with eloquence; his duty placed him in the class room, his zeal compelled him to fill the hearts of his pupils with a burning desire for knowledge; his duty placed him as the shepherd in the midst of his fold, his zeal compelled him to go forth in quest of the stray lamb and return with it bruised and bleeding on his shoulders; his duty led him to the altar, his zeal compelled him to pour forth his soul in supplication as he offered up the clean oblation for the conversion of a sinful world; his duty called him to the confessional where he was brought down to the depths of human shame and sorrow, his zeal ever compelled him to spend himself and desire to be spent so that he might bring the sin-laden, the sorrowful, and the weary into the sunlight of God's love; his duty called him to the bedside of the dying, his zeal compelled him to sacrifice his life to bring the sacraments to the plague stricken. He served his God—at the altar offering up the sacrifice of vicarious atonement and bringing down upon mankind the blessed fruits of Christ's redemption—in the confessional, listening to the story of ruined lives and blighted hopes in order that he might heal the humble and contrite of heart—in the pulpit that he might bring the Gospel, the glad tidings of truth to the people that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. His was the work of Christ, to teach, to forgive sins, to offer sacrifice. It was his to bring forth Christ in the hearts of the people, to make the voice of Christ resound in hearts "that had grown weary of noises that fretted the soul with their din," to extend the healing, helping hand of Christ to the weak and heavily laden who had grown weary of places "where they met but the human and sin" to make those who pined for the Perfect feel that where the voice of Christ is and the Hand of Christ, there also is, his abiding presence. Oh! blessed ministry which ennobles even those who only stand and wait. The same high ideal which guided Father Munday's steps to the sanctuary shone out brightly in the firmament of his priestly life, and hence we feel confident his priesthood on earth was but a preparation for the eternal priesthood which he will share with Christ around the altar upon which is offered the Eternal Sacrifice, for he is a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedeck.

We, his friends, will miss the warm clasp of his hand, the

love light of his eye and shall listen for the word which he never more will speak and consequently, in their great sorrow we extend to his family the sympathy of friends who share their grief. We feel sure that the faithful servant's reward belongs eternally to him who has exemplified that love greater than which no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend. Yet we know that our departed friend may need our prayers, for it is difficult even for the holiest to pass through this wicked world without bearing its taint. The eyes of God are so pure that they cannot look upon the least defilement and yet even the souls of the saints may leave this world with the shadow of sin upon them. Before the perpetual light shines upon them, these souls must be purified even by fire. The suffrages of our prayers, the merit of our good works, the penitential prayers and masses of the Church can mitigate their sufferings and shorten the time of their imprisonment. The test then of our love is, not the tears that we shed nor the praise in which we indulge, but the spirit of helpfulness which manifests itself in hastening the day of their deliverance. Our departed friend needs our prayers and I am sure that if those lips which are now sealed in death could plead with us they would say: Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, hasten the day when I can meet my God face to face for now, even more so than when I was on earth, my soul cries out to the Lord: "What have I in Heaven? And besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou are the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever."



Honor Roll

Corporal S. Newell Calkins

Peter F. Boyle

Maximillian Legris

Dennis P. McCarthy

"Our Heroic Dead"

What a noble and valiant sacrifice it is to offer one's life freely for the sake of his country!

Corporal S. Newell Calkins

S. Newell Calkins, a noble son of Viator, in the prime of life, sacrificed his life while striving to help his country.

Newell attended St. Viator college a few years ago, pursuing the commercial course. After leaving college he remained at home where he strove to help his parents by tilling their large tract of land. This duty of filial devotion continued until September 18, 1917, when he was called to join the colors. He was sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa, where he became a member of the Machine Gun Company of the 349th Regiment. From Camp Dodge he was transferred to Camp Pike, Arkansas. He had been at Camp Pike but ten days when he was taken ill with measles and pneumonia. After a brave but futile struggle of six weeks to regain health, he finally succumbed to the malady. He died on December 13, 1918.

To the beloved parents and relatives of our hero we wish to extend our prayerful sympathies in the hour of their bereavement; and moreover let them be assured that his memory will ever be present in our prayers for our departed hero.

Private Dennis P. McCarthy

The Angel of Death has again sounded his clarion and has taken away another loyal and valiant son of Viator, Private Dennis McCarthy of Anaconda, Montana. The news that his name was to be inscribed on the roll which honors our heroic dead came as a shock to those that knew him.

Dennis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCarthy, was a high school student during the scholastic year of '13 and '14. He was an exemplary young student; at all times quiet and industrious. His genial disposition and loyalty won for him many steadfast friends. His zeal for study and his respect and obedience to his superiors and teachers made him the object of admiration, respect and love. He was the pride of his family and an honor to his college.

In the early part of war he enlisted at Camp Lewis. Through some defect he was honorably discharged. However,

when the selective draft was made, Dennis responded and was accepted. He, with many of his companions, was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Mo. He was suddenly taken ill with pneumonia, and struggled bravely to overcome his sickness but it was futile. He died exactly eight days after he had arrived at camp. By a singular blessing his parents reached his bedside before his death.

'Tis, indeed, a great loss to lose an only son, but the noble parents of this brave son should, in this hour of sadness, be proud that they are the parents of one who was willing to serve both his God and country and that he died in the cause of both.

We wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCarthy our heartfelt sympathies. We also wish to assure them that his memory will ever be present in our mind and that his friends at St. Viator shall not forget him in their prayers.

Private Maximillian Legris

Little did the parents, relatives and friends of this brave soldier realize that the Angel of Death would call him so soon to his eternal abode.

Max entered service in August of 1918, and had been under intensive military drill but a few months when his company was deemed fit for overseas. He and his company were transferred to an embarkation station in New York. Just before boarding ship he saw his father and mother who had gone thither to see him off. He seemed very well at the time and was glad to have the opportunity of serving his country. His ship left port about the 28th of September. A few days later a card was received saying that the ship had reached foreign port safely. Not long afterwards word reached here that Maximillian had been taken down with the influenza while on board and had passed away. He was buried at sea a few hours after his death. It was indeed a sad and untimely death, for Max was young and full of vigor. However, it is a consolation to know that he died in the friendship of God, having received the last rites of the Church. A few words, taken from a letter written by his corporal, will convince us of his happy death. "He died in all the rites of the Church. Father McIntyre, our Regimental Chaplain, administering the last Sacraments the night before his death. He died as he had lived, happily."

All who knew Max admired him for his gentleness, affableness and spirit of labor. He was the consolation of his parents and all admit that his character was without a blemish. To the parents of this true and loyal son, the Faculty and Viatorian extend their heartfelt sympathies at their great loss.

Peter F. Boyle (Navy)

The untimely death of Peter F. Boyle, H. S. '14, which took place at the Great Lakes Naval Station, was a distinct shock and

caused heartfelt grief to his numerous friends at St. Viator College.

Peter Boyle, a native of Ottawa, Illinois, completed his high school course here in 1914. After his graduation he returned to Ottawa where he was employed as a stenographer in one of the large concerns of that city. He enlisted in the navy at the Naval Station and was making rapid progress. The sudden and widespread epidemic of influenza claimed him as one of its victims. He died in October, 1918. To his parents and relatives the many friends of the departed hero wish to extend their prayerful sympathies.

Lieut. Andrew Gunderlac

News came to us that Lieut. Andrew Gunderlac, '07-'08, was killed in the last air raid against the enemy. In this fierce struggle Andrew Gunderlac showed his ability in bringing down several of the enemy airplanes. At length he was spied and was killed while maneuvering in the clouds.

Frank Seybert

In the memorable battle of Chateau Thierry, Viator's well known football star, Frank Seybert, made the heroic sacrifice. Although we sadly mourn the loss of such a congenial companion and admirable character, yet it gives us joy to learn that one, so deserving, has been chosen by Providence to represent Viator in the turning battle of the war. Frank, known at College as "Fat," was a favorite. He blended the qualities of an excellent athlete and student. His manly deportment won for him the respect of the student body and the esteem of the faculty. The sad news of his death caused many expressions of heartfelt sympathy, and there is no doubt that his memory will live for many generations at Viator. As he lived, so he died, manly, courageous and sacrificing.

Mention has already been made of Jerry Lynch, Elroy Langlois, Edward Crane and Walter Evan, Viator men, who gave their lives that others might live.

Knowing that the life of every nation, as of each individual, is a battle, let us remember, also, that the battle is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion.—Curtis.

Letters from "Over There"

My dear Father O'Mahoney:

I wrote you a short note on the boat and posted it immediately upon landing. I hope you received it. Since then I have not been long enough in one place to write letters.

At present I am stationed at a little town called St. Jean de Monts. I am the first Catholic chaplain that the boys have seen at this camp since the beginning. I arrived on a Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning I posted notices about the camp and that night I had an immense crowd for confession. Some of the boys stood in line for four hours waiting their turn. The following morning I said Mass in a Y. M. C. A. hut and fully half the men went to Holy Communion. The Anglican Chaplain tells me there never was such a large crowd at a religious service since the camp was established. The boys here have not had an opportunity to receive the sacraments since the camp was established.

I have met with the same courtesy and consideration here as at Camp Custer. The Catholic boys, who constitute fully one-third of the camp, gave me an enthusiastic welcome, but best of all they went to confession and received Holy Communion in large numbers. Of course, one must put up with many inconveniences, but I was never more happy in all my life. The first night in camp I had no mattress. The following day two of the boys got a bed-tick from the quartermaster, took it to a neighboring pine forest, stuffed it nicely with long, clean pine needles and that night I had a fine bed. I should have said there was no straw or other material in the camp which might serve to stuff a mattress. They had to rake up the pine needles with their hands. That one incident tells more to my mind than whole reams of description. You will understand how happy a priest feels to know that he is bringing the sacraments and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to men who would otherwise be deprived of them.

More than anything else in the world, our boys desire the ministration of the priests. Up to the present time we have not really a sufficiently large number of priests. I am happy to say, however, the situation is steadily improving. Just now I am trying to serve three camps within a radius of ten miles.

I cannot tell you anything about the war because as a matter of fact we know much less about it over here than you do at

home. But I may say that war is stripped of all its tinsel and glamour and revealed in all its repulsive and hideous reality. We are all willing to go on with this awful thing until the ends for which it is waged are fully attained, but there is not a man who will not be heartily glad when it is all over and we can return home again.

You will be pleased to know that I met James Daugherty and Walter Nourie and spent a few hours with them. Jim's wound is coming along nicely. I missed Harris Darche only by two hours. Now my chance of seeing him on this side are rather meagre. Yours sincerely and affectionately,

William J. Bergin

Dear Brother:

Would have answered your welcome letter sooner but I have been kept pretty busy. You see we had the Germans on "the run" and just had to keep them running and, believe me, they are still running.

I'm in the best of health and I am unable to express my happiness in words. You may wonder why all the joy. Well, I am off on a furlough and am up in the Alp mountains staying at a little mountain resort called Aix-les-Baines. So you see I am many miles from the trenches. My furlough will be up in three days and then I will have to go back to my regiment.

I don't think I will again have to go thru what I have already, for this war is just about over, and it will not be long until the boys will be homeward bound. I'll not forget a visit to St. Viator's when I get home. I have not met any other St. Viator boys since I met Ed. O'Connor. By the way, Ed. is up here with me.

Well, brother, I certainly am glad I didn't miss being "over here." I know what life really means now. This war has taught me a valuable lesson. But besides this I have also gotten plenty of amusement out of it. When "Old Fritzie" starts to send his compliments it is very interesting, I should say amusing, to stand there and wonder where the next one is going to drop. Believe me, when he begins to get your range some deep thoughts enter your mind. Many times I have broken off from deep contemplation to "duck" into a shell-hole.

Now, brother, I must close, for the dinner bell is ringing and it is not going to be gold fish salmon, either. With my kindest regards to all at S. V. C.

As ever yours,

Martin J. Mentgen

Saarburg, Trier, Germany

Dear Brother Landroche:

I was very glad to receive your last letter. It reached me in Sjeicher, Germany. When I wrote you several months ago I

had no idea that your answer would find me in Germany. The last eleven days of fighting was the hardest of them all. It was hike and fight and hike. We certainly had the Germans on the run. Our battalion was in it up until the last minute. We were then near Paulay, France. At about 10:30 on the morning of Nov. 11th, a chaplain told us that there would be no more fighting after eleven o'clock. Some of the prisoners we captured also told us that the war would be over on that day but we didn't believe them. The Germans did not cease their artillery fire until the very last minute. Every once in a while one of our men would say, "Wouldn't it be great if the war would end at eleven o'clock!" At about five minutes to eleven a runner from the battalion headquarters brought the message that the armistice was signed and that the war was over. We didn't know what to do, we were dumfounded. Some of the men cried, and others shouted for joy. It was hard to believe that the war was over; it ended so suddenly.

After the firing ceased, we marched on to Germany. We went through Stenay, France; Virten, Belgium; Bertingon and Luxemberg, in Luxemberg; Speicher Trier and Saarbourg, in Germany. We had Christmas dinner in some of the private German families, but there is now an order forbidding us to take or receive anything from the people.

Now that the war is over, the next question is, "When do we go home?" There is a rumor that we are going soon but it is hard to tell just when.

I am sorry that I haven't met any old St. Viator boys or professors. I certainly would like to meet some.

Well, brother, I guess I'll have to call this a letter and close.

Your friend,

Sergt. Bill Bayer.

The Viatorian

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

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Ireland's Hopes

AS we again draw near the day that recalls to mind the great Apostle of Ireland, we wonder, if at length we shall see the dawn of that new and glorious day for the sons of Erin break upon the horizon. One year ago we cherished the fond hope that with the overthrow of what we then believed to be the seat of autocracy and menace of freedom and justice, self-determination of small nations would be granted, and all men would be given the right to select their own form of government. It was the promise of this divine right of the people that loomed before the Irish, who for nearly eight centuries have been struggling for freedom. It shone as a beacon of hope that would guide them to the harbor of safety. Fondly cherished hopes revived and sparks of dauntless courage and chivalrous sacrifice were enkindled at

the setting forth of this humanitarian motive for bearing one's breast to the steel of the Hun. Proportionately the Emerald Isle has given far in excess of her youth's blood to the armies which achieved the final surrender of Germany. With the signing of the armistice based upon President Wilson's fourteen points the hopes of the Irish people ran still higher and the morning sun of the long expected day of freedom for the sons of Erin seemed about to break upon a peaceful world. The peace delegates convened but sad to relate the land of martyred heroes was given no distinct voice at what we hoped would prove the table of justice. Has the serpent of injustice proved to be a hydra, and has the war severed but one of its many heads? Will the hopes of those who dwelt in the darkness of tyranny for the last eight centuries, and who have aided in securing liberty and justice for others now be shattered? Can the newly liberated nations stand calmly by and allow still, what they have been freed from, to be inflicted upon those who so recently shed their blood to free them. Where now is the generous spirit that prompted a Pulaske to cross the seas that freedom might be born in America if tyranny prevented its birth in Europe? To permit Ireland to suffer such injustice is worse than the cowardly surrender of the Hun. It will stamp the war as the most egregious failure in history. The cynical diplomacy which an oversight of Ireland would display would far eclipse the valorous deeds of the war.

Senior Memorial

THE memory of our heroes who fought in the great world war will live long after their bones are interred in the soil. Their deeds have saved humanity from the thralldom of tyranny and oppression, and they cannot be forgotten with the passing of a generation—nay of a century. But to live in the memory of men as something merely that has happened, or to be written in the history of nations to be learned by those coming after us is not sufficient in these days when practical results are demanded. Why hide away such inspiring works? No efforts should be spared to write and record fully the heroic deeds of the war in our histories, but we should do even more. The lessons of true love of country, of devotion to the cause of humanity, of respect for the call to sacrifice all, should be taught daily to the many; that the sublime ideals may ever be held aloft, that justice may be meted out, and that the sublime aspirations of our great statesmen should be attained. All should learn these lessons and practice them from their earliest years. The virtues exemplified in the actions of these brave sons of freedom are virtues of every day life. They are not for war time only; they are needed in peace as well.

Now, that we may bring about this desired result it may be

suggested that the Senior classes in the different colleges give for their memorial to their Alma Mater some fitting monument bearing the names of those who left from their respective schools to join the ranks of our victorious army. This memorial will aid greatly not only in recalling the virtues of those who have gone before, but will be a daily inspiration to the coming generations of students to follow their example. It will prove a consecrated shrine from which there will continually emanate the high ideals for which those men have fought, and it will serve as an ever vigilant teacher pointing the way to sacrifice and obedience. Such a work should not be limited to the efforts of the Senior class, though it is fitting that they should strive to direct it. Every student, every member of the faculty and every alumnus should lend a helping hand that the monument be really an inspiration. Tempus fugit, therefore let the Senior not delay. Another month and the many things in preparation for graduation will be upon him. Prompt action on his part will attain results worthy of a wide-awake prospective graduate.

True Patriotism

IS patriotism mere sentimentality? Is it the passing effect of the sound of a brass band and the martial tread of soldiers' feet? Is it the ready hand clap at the orator's fiery eloquence? Or does it consist in standing at the sound of our national anthem, or in doffing one's hat as the starry banner is borne in triumphal procession? Such acts are not to be contemned. They are praiseworthy and deserving of practice. They spring spontaneously from the heart of the true patriot and can be found in every fond lover of his native land. But true patriotism is more, it demands more, it is more substantial, it spells sacrifice. It cannot live but in the exercise of sacrifice, yea sacrifice of treasures, of pleasures, of liberty, of blood and even life itself. Most people agree that these requisites are necessary in time of war, but in time of peace the actions of many indicate that this spirit of national charity should also be set aside with the habiliaments of war. Remove the enemy from the frontier, take away the terror of an invading army and their patriotism ceases to live, it is relegated to innocuous desuetude.

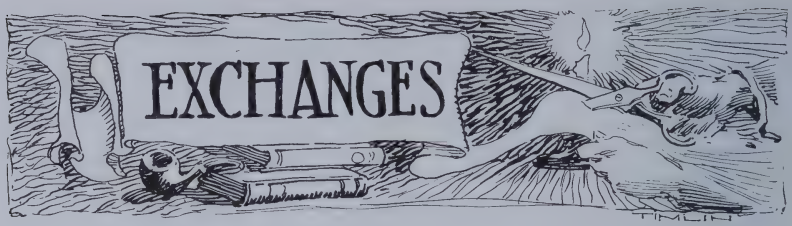
The fact that such a class really exists is very evident. In a word, their presence is too pronounced to allow them to go unnoticed. Can we not trace bolshevism to them, can we not look at them for the many uncalled-for strikes and revolutions that threaten the peace of the world? While the war raged and the fear of an external foe enkindled their atrophied love of country they remained subject to the laws and dictates of reason and government. But with the advent of peace and the convalescing conditions of the nation their patriotism waned. Greed and sel-

fishness replaced it. Love of country and order gave place to love of disorder and anarchy or whatever follows in the wake of their mad rush to "get more."

He who would deem himself a patriot must remember that love of country is evidenced by sacrifices not only in war but also in time of peace and national weakness and unrest. He must be as ready and willing to give up treasures, pleasures, blood and even life itself in peace as in the days of war. However, this love of country should not lead us to a state of passiveness that would allow unjust lawgivers to work tyranny and oppression. It should not cause us to submit to citizens being robbed of their inalienable rights. It should not make us stand idly by and permit the enactment of laws favoring the capitalists to the detriment of the laboring classes. No, the truly patriotic will see to it that such is not the case; he will nerve himself to utmost sacrifices to prevent such disaster; he will fight to the death for the overthrow of such unjust proceedings; all this he will strive to accomplish in an orderly manner and not as the bolshevists or anarchists or rabid socialists would have us do.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.

—Lowell



SERIOUS, sober and sedate is the November issue of the "Solanian," coming from Quincy College and Seminary. Perhaps it was the character of the times that influenced the minds of our friends. Be that as it may, we note the absence of any thrilling short story from a Quincy pen, and are further saddened out of sympathy for the boys who have no college jokes. "Luther and the Reformation" is a well written article that clearly points out the absurdity of this apostate's pretensions as a reformer. "As the shepherd, so the flock," quotes the author, and then proceeds to establish the fact that since the private life of Luther was so despicable, since he himself was naught else but a man of sin, it was utterly impossible for him to lead others upward on the difficult path of virtue. History testifies that such was the character of this man, and the result of his life was not reformation but destruction. The "Influence of the War upon our Public Life" teaches a lesson on the effects of the war. The writer points out that the war has had many salutary effects on American life, realized in the reconciliation of labor and capital, in an enhancing of the dignity of American political life, and in the development of a more humane spirit among our people. We agree with the writer that these advantages and many others offset the sufferings of body and soul which the war has entailed. It seems to us that the article entitled "America, its Progress and Growth," is rather a dry enumeration of some of the inventions of the past century. It does not give proof of very careful editing. The writer of "The Muse's Bit" shows a true devotion to the cause of poetry. We think he is well grounded in his contention that poetry has been an important factor in the winning of the war, for it has contributed to the making of the "morale" in our men. Well worthy of note is the following statement: "It is a significant report which reaches us that of the books drawn from cantonment libraries by soldiers, two-thirds are of poetry and of these not a few are of the classics." Evidently our boys have sought the refining influence of poetry. The poetry in the "Solanian" is uniformly good, but the "Indian Summer" attracted our special attention.

"Our Church Bells" is an interesting and instructive article in the December issue of the "St. Vincent College Journal." It

recalls to our minds the sacredness of all things connected, however remotely, with divine worship in the Catholic Church. We justly honor the blessed bells:

"For bells are the voice of the Church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old."

"The Proper Object of Success" is a scholarly tract dealing with a subject that appeals to every man. Atlas might indeed regard his strength as the "summum bonum," Croesus his riches, Aristotle his learning, Alexander his fame, and Shakespeare his literary genius; but we who have none of these accomplishments or appendages will readily admit in principle at least that our ultimate good is to be found in none of these finite goods, but in the supreme and eternal beatitude found in God. It is surely not illogical to prefer the greater good to the lesser, the infinite to the finite. So much has been written of late concerning the grand old cathedrals of Europe that it is quite appropriate to be entertained with an article such as "The Cathedral of Canterbury," wherein an eye-witness describes with minute attention the glories of an edifice that reflects the learning and culture of ages past which have been too often calumniated and misrepresented. "The Nuns and the Epidemic" is an editorial that gives a well-merited tribute to the heroic Sisters who ever prove their worth in great emergencies. The "College Comment" takes care of the lighter side of the magazine, and were there added a short story or two we would pronounce the "Journal" complete in every detail.

The reading of the Duquesne Monthly for December is both a profitable and pleasurable task. After perusing the paper on "The Influence of Life Insurance on Systematic Thrift" we wondered if the author was not connected with some insurance company. At any rate his arguments in favor of life insurance are so persuasive that we do not see how they could be resisted. "The Smothered Spark" is a short story that would appeal to any patriotic American boy. The wide-awake hero, Ralph Hailey, certainly deserved the reward that was accorded him for his cleverness and devotion to his country. Mr. P. E. Curry has given us an exhaustive treatise on "Tobacco," a subject which cannot fail to interest men. The diligence of the author in compiling this work is to be commended. One would never think that the weed or pipeful of tobacco that he inhales so thoughtlessly was the subject of so much care and attention on the part of others. The conclusion of this article we note is contained in the January issue. The plot of the short story, "A Refugee Angel" is simple but well developed. It is a very appropriate "war story." The editorials sagely discuss topics of the most vital interest at the

present time. One must feel a thrill of pride upon reading items such as "America's Contribution," which makes him realize fully the brilliant victories our raw soldier boys have won from the trained warriors of Europe. And then in gratitude to these heroes we will certainly follow the advice of Mr. Kronz and "Send Cheerful Letters' to the boys with the colors. They surely have deserved this slight service at our hands. We are, alas, only too prone to forget this obligation and grow careless in its discharge. You are not over-generous with your poetry. Duquesne, and you, too, seem entirely to forget the humorous side of life.

The "St. John's University Record" for January is an orderly little paper that says things well and to the point. The author of "Ireland and the Peace Conference" very properly argues that "Ireland is a well-defined nation, ruled against her will by another nation." As a nation she has never rested content under British rule, and from the very fact that she is a nation her people never will be resigned to a foreign dominion. Neither the physical size nor the revenue of Ireland is of any importance, but the spirit of the people is the pulse of nationhood. Small nations do indeed need the protection of their more powerful neighbors insofar as this implies the recognition of their sovereignty, but any attempt at domination is an imposition. "Betrayed Confidence" is a well-developed short story dealing with a by no means unusual sociological problem. There are many "Jim Molesworths" in the world who have been cheated out of the product of their brains and industry, and it is regrettable that they have not had a kindly "Dr. Burton" to champion their rights. "The Ghost that Paid" is an interesting one-act comedy in which the vein of humor is well sustained. The care-free college boy on a holiday is well depicted, but the boys of St. Anslems were more fortunate in the termination of their escapade than college boys generally are. In the editorial on "The Execution of the Saloon" that sordid institution is "weighed in the balance and found wanting." The several states of the union have placed their seals on this verdict and it is forthwith to be put into execution. The successful abolition of the saloon will be one of the great achievements of the present century, but let us bear in mind that the task is only well begun. Hitherto our government has been gratifyingly successful in carrying out measures of the greatest importance to the commonwealth, and we have every reason to believe that equal success will attend her in this move. The "Record" heralds the new year with a very appropriate poem entitled, "The New Year" wherein the child of 1919 is reassured in the great task that lies before him. "It Roves a Doubtful Sea," is a short poem that brings clearly to our minds the seriousness of the times in which we live and the dangers which threaten the

ship of state. Nevertheless as the author points out, with God, the Spiritus" at the helm we know that all things will work together unto good. We are happy to offer our congratulations to the editors of the "Record" on the excellence of their magazine.

The "Viatorian" is also pleased to welcome among her exchanges the following: "The Prospector," Mount St. Charles College, Helena, Montana; "The Laurel," St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.; "The Creighton Chronicle," Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska; "St. Mary's Chimes," St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana; "The Exponent," St. Mary College, Dayton, Ohio; "St. Mary's Messenger," St. Mary's College and Academy, Monroe, Michigan; "The Morning Star," Conception College, Conception, Mo.; "The Academy," St. Josseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minn.; "St. Thomas Purple and Gray," St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn.; "Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly," College of St. Scholastica, Duluth, Minn.; "The Saint Francis," St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Buff and Blue," Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.; "The Forum," Manteno High School, Manteno, Ill.; "The Canisius Monthly," Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., and "The Georgetown College Journal," Washington, D. C.

Feast of St. Cecilia

The feast of the patroness of music was celebrated with fitting solemnity by the students of the Music Department on November 22nd. Under the direction of Mr. J. R. Elmslie the following program was given:

1. "Star Spangled Banner" ..... Ensemble
2. "Tone Poem" (Roberts) ..... Orchestra
3. "Ode to St. Cecilia" ..... Quartette
4. Piano Solo, "Marceau de Concert" ..... H. McCormick
5. "Sextette from Lucia" ..... Orchestra
6. Vocal Solo ..... Mr. Welsh
7. Piano Duet, "Love Song and Valse from Faust" L. Poudrier and E. Surprenant
8. Cornet Duet, "A Dream" ..... Kessler and Connell
9. Double Trio, "Ave Maria Stella" ..... College Sextette
10. Piano Solo, "Rigoletto" ..... E. Surprenant
11. "Title's Serenade" ..... College Orchestra
12. Piano Solo, "Last Hope" ..... M. McCormack
13. String Quartette, "Airs of the Allies" ..... Violin Class
14. Piano Solo for left hand, "Andante Finale" ..... Mr. Howard
15. "Caliph of Bagdad" ..... Orchestra
16. Oration, "The Spirit of Music" ..... Rev. John Nawn
17. Exit March, "March aux Flambeaux" ..... Orchestra

Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin

The feast day of the purity of our holy Mother was duly celebrated at St. Viator. After a solemn Mass sung in the College Chapel the students and members of the S. A. T. C. unit marched in military order to the Grotto of Our Lady of Bourbonnais

where they assisted at the crowning of the Statue. Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., delivered a most touching sermon in which he paid a most glowing tribute to the Mother of God and to Motherhood in general.

Ordination

On the eighth of December at Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago, Patrick Buckley was elevated to the sacred order of priesthood. The new Levite was for several years a student of St. Viator's. He left our midst to continue his theology at Kenrick Seminary where he completed his studies last December. Father Buckley celebrated his first Mass December 16th, at St. Columbanus Church, Chicago. The faculty and student body join in wishing Father Buckley many pleasant years in the fields of Christ.

Viator's Quartette

On Wednesday, February 5th, the city of Cullom, Ill., dedicated an Honor Roll to the young men of that city who had entered military service. At the celebration St. Viator's quartette played a conspicuous part. Many compliments were passed to the young men for the splendid efforts and the quality of their voices. While in Cullom the members were the guests of Rev. Father White, pastor of St. John's, who gave them a splendid spread.

The quartette is composed of the following young gentlemen: Messrs. Lawrence Poudrier, Harold McCormack, Eugene Surprenant and John Connors. The young men and their director are very grateful to Father White and the citizens of Cullom.

Students' Annual Retreat

Our annual retreat has come and gone and has left us a better group of humans because of it. The retreat was preached by Rev. Father Hilary, President of St. Cyril's College, Chicago. The great number of daily communicants and perfect attendance at the exercises showed the earnestness with which the boys entered into the good work.

Holy Hour

On the second Sunday in January our very Reverend President, Father Ryan, instituted the People's Eucharist League and its Holy Hour devotion. Father Ryan pointed out the advantages of being a member of this pious association and we feel sure that every man in the institution will heartily welcome the opportunity to enroll. The staff of the "Viatorian" will do all in its power to assist in this praiseworthy undertaking.

Mr. Hoare

It is with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. Myles Hoare as our new assistant Prefect of Discipline. Myles has been a student here for several years and last year upon the advent of war enlisted in the navy. Upon his discharge he returned to Viator to resume his studies. His gentlemanly demeanor and good common sense has aided him wonderfully in his new position which we hope he will continue to hold with the greatest success.

Visit of Rev. Lieut. J. F. Moisant, C. S. V.

On Tuesday, January 21st, St. Viator College was honored by a visit from Rev. Lieutenant J. F. Moisant, C. S. V., one of the chaplains furnished by the college to the United States Army. Father Moisant has seen eighteen months of service on the Pacific coast and in France. In a talk addressed to the student body the Reverend Chaplain pointed out the necessity and importance of the physical, intellectual and moral training they are receiving. He cited several examples which have come under his personal observation during the past two years showing the advantage the educated man possesses over the uneducated man in the United States Army. The former has risen from the ranks to positions of honor and trust, whereas the latter has remained and will remain a private. One must be physically sound, he said, that he may endure the hardships of army life and especially of active service; intellectually trained to think quickly in trying circumstances, and morally true to be able to satisfy army discipline. These advantages are the fruits of education and are acquired only by application, study, attention to duty and obedience. There was a time, remarked the speaker, when a soldier was not considered of much account by his fellows unless he had a record in the guardhouse. But that time has passed. The soldier of to-day who has to be punished in the guardhouse is disgraced and despised by the men of the army.

Father Moisant highly praised the work the United States Government is engaged in for the education of her soldiers. The plan now being put into operation includes every member of the army. If a man has no education, he must begin to acquire knowledge; if he has a little, he must gain more, and if he is well educated, he must still improve. It is evident that the Government regards the mental training of soldiers as a matter of the greatest importance. And this work must be begun with the boys and young men who are at present attending school and college. They are the soldiers of the future, and hence their training is a matter of great concern to our country.

Father Moisant also commended the conduct of the Government in regard to the chaplains in the service. They are now given complete control over the direction of the moral welfare of

their charges. The chaplain is endowed with extraordinary powers which enable him to investigate all charges preferred against the conduct of his men, and thus not only assist them to correct their faults, but also guard against any injustice. The chaplain has charge of the amusement of the soldiers, and it is his duty to provide proper and wholesome recreation for them. Here again our Government has shown its wisdom in guarding against irregularities which are so liable to creep into the lives of men during leisure hours.

We were glad to welcome back this son of St. Viator, and although he could not tarry long with us, we highly appreciated his visit, and cherish the words of advice which he gave us as precious souvenirs.

Doctor O'Hagan

Dr. O'Hagan, noted lecturer and traveler, entertained the students of St. Viator with his admirable lecture, "Dante and His Time," on January 27th, in the College auditorium. The lecture was very instructive and was punctuated with many tinges of excellent humor. He dealt principally with the condition of affairs at the time when Dante was engaged in producing his "Divine Comedy." Doctor O'Hagan is the author of many literary productions and was at one time the editor of "The New World."

Obituary

"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends."

Rev. Louis Goulette

"Earth! From high and lowly station
Thy children chant in lamentation,
To harps with muted strings;
The singing birds have hushed their tone,
The very zephyrs seem to moan,
While mortal requiem sings."

The Viatorians mourn the loss of one of their valiant and most esteemed members in the person of the Reverend Louis Goulette, who died in Chicago of a complication of diseases on the 5th day of January.

He was educated at St. Viator's and obediently hearkened to the call of the Master, crowning his student life by entering the novitiate of the community. He thus sacrificed his pure young life to a noble cause—the Catholic education of youth. In his chosen work throughout his, but too short, career he proved himself a zealous religious and saintly priest.

He meritoriously earned the profound love and sincere esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Father Goulette possessed rare musical talent, which as a true Viatorian, he unstintingly applied to the promotion of aesthetic ecclesiastical singing. The many public concerts and Church choirs which he organized while acting as curate of St. Edward's Church, Chicago, invariably proved successful.

In the exercise of his sacred ministry Father Goulette endeared himself to his flock by his assiduous attention to the sick and unfailing solicitude for the unfortunate. These and other beautiful traits of Father Goulette's character were well brought out in the funeral oration of his college friend, Father William Cleary, and of his Provincial, the Very Rev. E. S. Rivard, C. S. V.

After a Solemn Requiem Mass, celebrated in the Village Church, where his remains rested for two days, he was laid among his religious brethren who sleep in the community cemetery overlooking the Kankakee river.

In him the Order lost a true and worthy son and in their bereavement the staff of the "Viatorian" offer to them their deepest sympathies and most sincere promises of prayers for the repose of his soul.

Milton Heaney

On January 18th death claimed another son of Viator and by his death Alma Mater can add another gold star to her already gold spangled flag. Mr. Milton Heaney, who for several years was a student of St. Viator, died at Fort Sheridan after a protracted spell of sickness.

It was sad news, indeed, to hear of his death. Milton was a great favorite of the faculty as well as of the student body. His gentlemanly deportment and genial company gained for him the esteem of all. To his bereaved parents and relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathies.

William J. Onahan

In the death of Mr. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, St. Viator's saw the passing of one of her benefactors. Mr. Onahan was well known throughout the country for his charity to Catholic institutions and for his devotion to the Church in general. Pope Leo XIII conferred upon him the dignity of Papal Chamberlain and Notre Dame awarded him the Laetare Medal. The deceased is survived by an only sister with whom we condole in her sad bereavement.

Thomas Hogan

It is with much regret we chronicle the sudden death of Thomas Hogan, a former student, who died suddenly at St. Thomas Military College. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, Rev. Father Rice, C. S. V., preaching the sermon. Both Colleges were represented by members of the faculty and students.

Daniel E. Bergan

Among the old students that fell a victim to the attacks of that dread disease, the influenza, we sorrowfully record the death of our beloved friend, Daniel E. Bergan, Manhattan, Illinois. During his three years attendance at the College, Daniel (Danny), by his unassuming manners, virtuous traits and winning personality, won both the loyal friendship of his fellow students and the love and esteem of his teachers. The faculty and student body were present at the Mass celebrated in the College Chapel for his departed soul; and through this column of the Viatorian extend to his bereaved parents and sisters their heartfelt sorrow and prayerful sympathy.

Francis J. Thomas

We are deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Francis J. Thomas, of Momence, Ill. Francis was a member of the S. A. T. C. Unit and had made many friends among his soldier companions at St. Viator. The funeral was attended by a squad of his former classmates who acted as pall bearers. To the bereaved family the faculty and student body extend their sincere condolence.

Stephen A. St. Aubin

To our beloved master of Athletics, Rev. Captain Brother St. Aubin, the faculty and students wish to extend their heartfelt sympathies on the occasion of the death of his brother, Mr. Stephen A. St. Aubin, who died in Chicago on January 8th. Our Very Rev. President sang the mass of requiem. The remains were interred in Mount Olivet cemetery.

Rev. Charles C. O'Brien

The Rev. Charles C. O'Brien, former pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Merna, Ill., died October 25th, 1918, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Bloomington, Ill. The funeral was held from the hospital chapel Tuesday, October 29th, with Bishop Dunne officiating. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery, Peoria, Ill.

Alumni

Lately it was the great privilege and pleasure of the members of the faculty and older students to have with them their dear old friend, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., pastor of St. Viator Church, Chicago, Ill. When Father O'Mahoney stopped to see us he was on his way to Irwin, Ill., there to bury his nephew. Indeed many hearts were pulsating merrily when they exchanged greetings with him. It is the earnest desire of all here that he make his visits more frequent.

Ensign William J. Roche, A. B., '18, U. S. N., spent a few pleasant hours at the college recently while on his way home from the East. Bill enlisted in the Radio Department of the navy at the Great Lakes Naval Station in December of 1917. After passing a successful examination he was sent to Harvard University to pursue an officer's course. His ability to lead and direct others was soon realized and he was subsequently made an Ensign. Bill tells us he will remain in the service for a few more years.

Sergeant August DeClerk, on his way home from camp, paid us a short visit. He was stationed at Columbus, Ohio, where he was perfecting himself in the art of sharp-shooting. We feel sure that if "Gus" had been across, the HUN would not have had time to RUN.

Lieutenant Thomas P. Grant announces that he has returned to Chicago and has resumed the practice of law. His office is at Suite No. 1005, Rauborn Building, 56 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Lieutenant James L. Dougherty, '08, has returned from the battlefields of France where he was engaged in active service for almost a year. In one of the engagements against the Prussian he was seriously injured in the right leg by shrapnel. Lieut. Dougherty is now at Fort Sheridan awaiting his discharge which will be given him as soon as his wound is completely healed.

In the person of the Rev. Edgar J. Bourget we come to realize the greatest organist of the Middle West. Aware of this fact, the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, appointed Father Bourget organist at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago.

At the event of the blessing of the new organ in the Cathedral Father Bourget directed a sacred concert which proved to

be a great success. He received hearty congratulations from many connoisseurs of music in United States and Canada.

After an absence of one year Edwin Mortell, H. S. '14, returned to St. Viator's to greet his old friends. Soon after the United States declared war Edwin enlisted with the Marines. He was put through intensive drill and was soon sent overseas as a gunner. He belonged to the company which operated the "Monster" 58 mi range gun. Edwin had been overseas since August and saw active service soon after he landed. He fought in the battle near Verdun. Shortly after the armistice was signed he was permitted to return home.

Timothy D. Sullivan, A. B. '17, the Thespian star of St. Viator, surprised his many friends a fortnight ago by returning to his Alma Mater and renew old acquaintances.

In the summer of 1918 Tim entered the service. He received his military training in a Southern camp. Much to his delight he was soon sent across with the Dixie Division where he was engaged in active service for four months. Subsequent to the signing of the armistice, Tim was delegated to accompany his commander to Tours and Paris, acting as his interpreter.

Professor F. J. Murray, who has been instructor and coach of the West Milwaukee High School, enjoyed a short visit with the members of the faculty during the Xmas vacation.

Berard "Mose" Mombleau, Ph. B. '17, with his usual smile greeted his friends at St. Viator just a fortnight ago. "Mose" is pursuing his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Incapable of resisting the attractive influence of his Alma Mater and his many friends, Thomas "Toby" Shea, A. B. '18, returned to enjoy a few pleasant hours at St. Viator. "Toby" is now in theology at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

Thomas Kelly, '15-'18, graced our campus and halls by his ever smiling face a short time ago. "Tom," together with Charles Hart, '17, Fulton Sheen, '17, Thomas Shea, '18, Edward Kelly, '18, is attending St. Paul Seminary. Tom is finishing his first year in theology.

The many friends of Thomas Cavanaugh, '15-'18, had the pleasure of entertaining him a short while ago. Tom told us he was on his way to an Eastern college where he intends to complete his philosophical course.

Rev. James V. Greene of Bloomington, Illinois, has recently undergone a serious operation on his throat. We are told that he was very near death's door. The physicians and surgeons had given up all hope of recovery. Despite all he regained consciousness and is now well on the way to complete recovery.

Chaplain Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, who was formerly assistant at the Cathedral of Louisville, Kentucky, is now a K. of C.

Chaplain and is stationed at the Submarine Base, New London, Conn. Recently at a concert given by the War Camp Community Service of that city, Chaplain J. P. O'Mahoney was called upon to address the people. He paid a glowing tribute to the sailors and the care they received from the government. He said: "At no other time in the history of the world did men of the navy receive such care and attention as is given to our sailors to-day. They deserve the very best and are worthy of it. But in spite of all this attention bestowed by a considerate captain, efficient commander and officers, the sailor has a heart that longs for the warmth and love of home.

"I believe if we would look upon sailors as the youth of our government committed to the care of our government for a while and begin to realize that away back home there is a tearful mother, faithful wife, or a loving sister watching and praying for the absent ones, we should be more lenient in our judgment.

"The sailor is a manly man and I know that they are as honorable and virtuous as men in any other sphere of life."

Chaplain J. P. O'Mahoney has won for himself the love and esteem of all the sailors there. How could it be otherwise with him. He is very affable and his spirit of sacrifice and benevolence would lead any one who knew him to love and esteem him.

Joseph E. Landroche, '15-'17, has recently accepted a position with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. He is now stationed at Marshall, Minnesota.

Daily do we read and marvel at the courage and valor of our American boys. A remarkable instance of this courage and valor is found in the person of a son of Viator, Sergeant William I. Walsh. "Bill' and his company had been keeping the heads of the Huns beneath the trench parapet by a constant volley of shells. For four days and nights they kept the enemy on the qui vive. A burst of shells coming from the Prussian killed his companion, wounded Bill severely and entombed him. Bill remained helpless for four days. While in this condition he was gassed. Finally members of his company succeeded in reaching him and carried him back to the nearest ambulance. He is now in a base hospital in France on the way to speedy recovery. With such daunted courage it is no wonder that victory was ours!

Private Arthur Dufault of Kankakee, Ill., after an absence of nineteen months, returns to College to resume his studies in the Commercial branch. Arthur had been attending College in 1917; when war was declared, filled with that spark of patriotism, he enlisted under the colors of his country on July 2nd, 1917. He entered the Medical Corps at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. He remained there but a week when his company was transferred to the Medical detachment of the 10th Division, 29th Machine Gun Battalion, at Camp Funston, Kansas. For eighteen months he was disciplined in military tactics. Preparations were being

made to go overseas, but they were stopped by the signing of the armistice. Arthur was discharged soon afterwards.

John Broderick, '15-'17, master electrician for the year 1917, informs us that he has undertaken the arduous profession of a real estate man. If you wish to buy "lots" of lots or have your life insured, see John. Subscribers are urged to patronize our advertiser.

Conrad Clifford, '11-'13, after a long absence of five years, returned to-day to talk it over with his friends. Most of those were members of the faculty. Conrad has been active in the labor of the field ever since he left college.

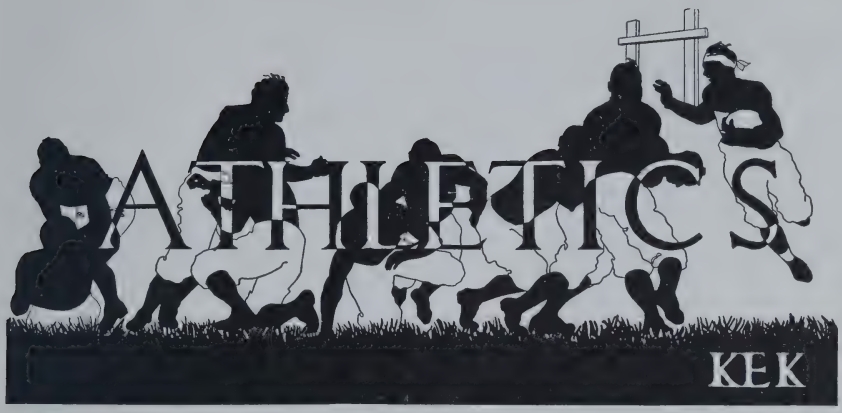
Great was our surprise and greater still our joy when we heard of Professor E. Kenyon's recent promotion. For four years Professor Kenyon taught English in the College Department. His success in this field of labor, also in Latin, Greek and German, is unsurpassed. After his fourth year of professorship here at college his health failed and he was compelled to return home. While there he busied himself teaching minor courses. When the selective draft was made Prof. Kenyon answered the call, was accepted and went through the military discipline for several months.

When men were chosen for the Peace Conference, Professor E. Kenyon's ability and knowledge of French and German were realized and he was chosen to act as interpreter at the peace parley.

Cupid of Love is ever awake and ever victorious with his love darts. On October 31, 1918, Dr. Victor N. LaMarre was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss L. Dorothy Raymond of Chicago, Ill. The ceremony took place at St. Anne de Brighton Church, Chicago.

To these young people who have fallen victims of the god of love the Viatorian wishes to extend its most earnest wishes for a happy and successful life.

Among the Reverend gentlemen and alumni whom the President and Faculty had the pleasure of entertaining were the following: Rev. J. P. Kirley, Chamberlain, S. Dakota; Rev. Thomas O'Brien, Warsaw, Illinois; Chaplain J. B. Shiel, Great Lakes; Rev. J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., St. Edward's, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Ambrose Granger, St. Rose, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Bennett, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. William Granger, St. Joseph's, Bradley, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Surprenant, Beaverville, Ill.; Rev. Fr. Kurthoff, St. Mary's, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. Gerald Bergan, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. A. Mainville, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. Martin J. Spalding, Bloomington, Ill.; Messrs. Raymond Kavanaugh, James Kavanaugh, Joseph Reading, Louis Daugherty, Fulton J. Sheen, Frank Libert, John Ostrowski, John V. Walsh, John Gallahue, James Corbett, Donald Kirley, and Claude Granger.



TO Coach St. Aubin's insistence on team play we owe the whirlwind entree of the High School into the basket ball season. Their brilliant, harmonious work has offset the disadvantage of their light weight, and though they have fought against odds in every engagement thus far, they have not lost a game. A tardy commencement has prevented their being represented in the Catholic High School League. It is, however, the intention of Manager Sweeney to challenge the winners of that division to dispute their honors. At the present rate there is little doubt but that Captain Delaney's bunch will gather in the laurels.

Irwin 26; St. Viator 28

On January 18th the High School opened its 1919 basket ball season in hurricane fashion by defeating the speedy Irwin five on their own floor by the narrow margin of one basket. The game was the opener of the season for both teams and consequently was fiercely contested. It was fought nip and tuck from start to finish, the lead constantly changing from one side to the other. Irwin was quite facile in shooting baskets but was weak on team play. Hester, the star forward of the country five, showed unusual skill in registering nine scores from the field. Divine, playing center, put in two from the middle of the floor. Lyons, the speedy Viator forward, set a record of twelve field baskets out of the thirteen made and added two more by the foul route. Lyons scored the winning basket from a bench on the side of the floor Kearney and Delaney played a brilliant defensive game.

The lineup:

Viator		Irwin
Lyons	R. F.	Hester
Fitzgerald	L. F.	Provunsul
Delaney	C.	Divine
Kearney	R. G.	Ulrich
Freehill (Walsh)	L. G.	Devine, M

Field Goals—Hester (9), Divine (3), Lyons (12), Fitzgerald (1).

Free Throws—Provunsul (2), Lyons (2).

Referee—Treely.

St. Viator 25; Irwin 10

The first game at home was a return game with Irwin which proved a more decisive victory for the High School boys. During the first few minutes of play it threatened to be a stiff battle. The score see-sawed for a while and then Viator started the fireworks by piling up thirteen while Irwin scored only eight. In the second half the home lads had things their own way and held their opponents to a single score while they ran twenty-five. Towards the end of the half Coach St. Aubin sent in the second string men who easily kept their opponents from scoring. Lyons again starred for his team by his clever floor work and accurate shooting. The defensive play was considerably improved and this fact is responsible for the low score of the visitors.

The lineup:

St. Viator		Irwin
Lyons	R. F.	Hester
Fitzgerald	L. F.	Provunsul
Sweeney	C.	Divine
Delaney	R. G.	Ulrich
Kearney	L. G.	Devine, M.

Field Goals—Lyons (8), Sweeney (2), Delaney (1), Kearney (1), Hester (3), Provonsul (2).

Free Throws—Lyons (1).

Referee—McDonald.

St. Viator 36; Chicago Heights 18

The game with Chicago Heights was one of the cleverest, cleanest and fastest seen on Viator floor in many moons. When the visitors entered the gym there was a general groan of disappointment from the crowd; for every man on the team seemed over six feet tall. Their basket shooting, too, was exceptionally accurate. The High School came on the floor with a determination to win in spite of these odds and this they calmly proceeded to do. For about the first quarter the game waxed interesting indeed. The visitors started the scoring with a beauty from midfloor, and half a minute later added another. Then the High School boys found their range and climbed up slowly, finally leading their opponents by a score of 14 to 6 at the whistle for the half. The second half was easy for the Viator boys. Confident of victory they played calmly and systematically, utterly bewildering their opponents by their perfect team play. But if team play was the feature of the game there was no lack of individual starring. Fitz played under, over and all around his

herculean opponent; Lyons drew seven scores and kept his guard guessing all through the game. Sweeney played center and showed his real ability for the first time registering seven long range dew-drop baskets; Delaney and Kearney contributed not a little to the victory by perfect vigilance over dangerous adversaries. The enthusiasm that greeted every score surpassed anything ever heard at a high school game in Viator gym.

The lineup:

St. Viator		Chicago Heights
Lyons	R. F.	Conroy
Fitzgerald	L. F.	Steitz
Sweeney	C.	Malcolm
Delaney	R. G.	Schmidt
Kearney	L. G.	Greely

Field Goals—Lyons (7), Sweeney (7), Fitzgerald (3), Kearney (1), Conroy (4), Steitz (3), Malcolm (2).

Referee—Steele.

St. Viator 47; Kankakee 14

The Kankakee-Viator game was an easy victory for the High School. Only for the first few minutes did the issue remain in doubt. The Kanks started out with two ringers before the home team found its range, but a moment later the Viator boys found their stride and started to mount. For the rest of the game the balance hung low on the local's side. Howard Bushell, crack forward of last year's quintette, made his reappearance in this game and soon showed that six months in his country's service had not retarded his prestined speed. He registered ten field tallies and dropped in three free throws. The perfect harmony of the team won the game and kept the score of the visitors low.

The lineup:

St. Viator		Kankakee
Bushell	R. F.	Smith
Lyons	L. F.	Radeke
Sweeney	C.	Rice
Delaney	R. G.	Walters
Kearney	L. G.	Vaudolale

Field Goals—Bushell (10), Sweeney (5), Lyons (4), Fitzgerald (2), Delaney (1), Smith (2), Radeke (2), Rice (1).

Free Throws—Bushell (3), Vaudolale (4).

Referee—Welland.

THE SENIOR BASKET BALL LEAGUE

A more interesting series of basketball games has never been staged at Viator than those played by the senior league this winter. The league was launched late in December and proved a source of interest to the entire student body. The teams were evenly matched and the battles hard fought. The Marines took the last game from the Warriors and won the cham-

pionship in a furiously contested battle by the narrow score of 15 to 12. The Marines, the Warriors, the Recruits, and the Home Guards were all in the final struggle. The Allies alone, crippled early in the race by the loss of two good players, were out of the reckoning.

The final standing:

Teams	Captains	Won	Lost
Marines	Sees	4	1
Pershing Warriors	Lyons	3	2
Recruits	Sweeney	3	2
Home Guards	Fitzgerald	3	1
The Allies	Anderson	0	5

Academic Activities

St. Viator Acks 11; Kankakee 5

On January 19th the Academic basket ball team treated the Kankakee Specials to a handsome trimming. The game was played on the home floor and the Acks showed their metal from the start. A basket by Langan of Kankakee in the first minute of play aroused the ire of the home lads and they held their opponents till the end of the game without another score. Three free throws on technical fouls added the three points to the visitors' score. Cooney and Clancy did the scoring for the Viator lads, each ringing two from the floor. Heintz drew a neat one from the field and put away a free throw. Danner and Graetz played the guards in varsity style and succeeded in keeping their opponents in check.

The lineup:

Academics		Kankakee Specials
Heintz	R. F.	Cryer
Cooney	L. F.	McKormic
Clancy	C.	Langan
Danner	R. G.	Domansuski
Graetz	L. G.	Burns

Field Goals—Cooney (2), Clancy (2), Heintz (1), Langan (1).

Free Throws—Heintz (1), McKormic (3).

Referee—Landroche.

THE RETURN GAME

On January 25th the Acks met Kankakee in a return game at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and established their superior ability in an unequivocal manner by neatly trimming them to the song of 16 to 14. The Acks played true to old form and clinched the victory only in the last few minutes of play. Cooney and Heintz did the scoring for the Acks while Danner played a star role at defensive work.

Kankakee Specials	14
Academics	16

THE ACADEMIC LEAGUE

A fierce battle is being waged in the Academic quarters for the championship of that division. The league is composed of four teams, all of whom are fighting hard for the pennant.

PRESENT STANDING

Team	Captain	Won	Lost	Average
Juniors	Artery	4	0	1000
Maroons	Greene	3	2	666
Invincibles	Keough	2	2	500
Shamrocks	O'Loughlin	0	4	000

SENIORS vs. ACADEMICS

In two games with the seniors the Acks broke even, losing the first and winning the second. Great enthusiasm greeted these games and the Acks are looking for an opportunity to play the rubber.

First game: Seniors 14; Academics 7.

Second game: Academics 24; Seniors 11.

THE QUALMS OF LIFE

A match, a pill and a shady nook
A nervous being and a haunted look,
A cloud of smoke, a muddled brain,
'Tis the life of a senior over again.

SECOND SPASM

A black-robed figure appeared in the door
The cubes just rolled a little four,
A scurrying of feet and a short turmoil,
And "to the victor belongs the spoil."

SOUND ADVICE

The Allied bosses are up a stump,
Just how to hand K. Bill his bump.
They knit the brow, they rack the brain,
But they find their dope is far too tame.
Says a pale, weak youth of cadaverous mein
Here at St. Viator so often seen,
"If you'll get K. Bill and avoid rebuke
Make him listen an hour to Clennon's uke."

Teacher: In summer iron expands and in the winter—
Galanti: It disbands.

"Oh, Where! Oh, Where can my hanky be,"
Wailed Mathew Walsh to Pat Swee-nee.
With a piteous sigh and a doleful weep,
Patrick answered: "Out in the street."

Heard in M. Hall: My arms are weak but my feet are strong. So get out.

Bro.: Who knows Irving's dates?
Lancaster, in the act of raising hand.
Bro.: Only one? Well, Lancaster?
Lancaster: I don't, Bro.

ANSWERS TO THE DULL

P. D. Q. Yes, indeed, Scut has a neck. Though none has ever seen it.

Mystified—We cannot state positively, then, what Abe was looking for. He is not absolutely certain himself.

Some say, yes; and some say, no. What are you going to do about it? Up against it.

M. M., to group of students: I must go over to see Joe's two sons—one of them is a daughter.

The head reels wild, the jaw is numb,
The refulgent stars blink one by one.
The shoulders slump, the head rolls back,
He's had a smoke and a Prefect's whack—Poor Ac, Poor Ac.

Bill: Do you believe in evolution?
Sam: Sure.
Bill: What's your proof?
Sam: Jansen. His ancestors' feet were encased in wood and now the wood is enveloped in his dome.

Jack: Ron is cutting his wisdom teeth.
Sam: He needs 'em.

AT OUR MOVIES

Applause.
'arry: You'd think they'd paid their jit to get in.

Gens: Prof. was pretty good.
Jay: He knew nothing, but he used to tell it cleverly.

Prof.: What's at the end of the atmosphere?
J. J.: A lot of ragged edges.

Jack (after reading sensational sheet): There are some pretty good atrocities to-day.

Prospective Student: Say, how far gone is the physics class?

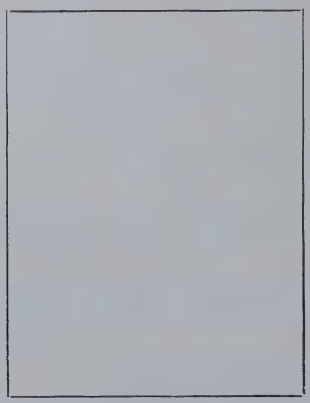
Coach (gazing at illuminated gym): Gee! There must be a game to-night.

Bro.: What are fetters?
Parowski: Well—er—er—er you see 'em on chickens.

ECHOES FROM THE ACS' DRILL FIELD

Keep your heads up! Forward 'arsh! Come on! Cut out the fooling! Fo' the luva mud! Shut up! One! Two! say, you'll get a kick in the pants if you don't cut out the foolin'! Three! Four! Koll-umns— Get in step there—left! Ma—Ya big—— Don't land on me. Well, get in step. Well, you bunch of boneheads. I said LEFT. I'm going to see Father Hazen about getting out of this lousy drill. Cut out the barking! You're lucky they ain't got no guard house here. Say! that camel in backa me is walking all over my back. One! Two Three! Four! Cut out the talkin'! Aw, whose talkin'?

Jay P.: It is my ambition to get my picture in the Viatorian.
Thoughtful Editor: Dear youth, your ambition is realized.



JAY P.

St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

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TO MEET the needs of those boys and young men who cannot attend the regular sessions of its School of Agriculture, St. Viator College has instituted a Winter Course. This year the course opens Monday, November 12, 1917, and closes March 7, 1918.

RESIDENT students have four hours of study and four hours of recitation a day. An average of one teacher to every twenty pupils gives a splendid opportunity for individual work.

The College invites the inspection of the public.

Address the REVEREND JAMES F. RYAN, C. S. V., President of the College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

The VIATORIAN

VOLUME 36 NUMBER 3

FAC ET SPERA

SPRING NUMBER, 1919
ST. VIATOR COLLEGE
BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

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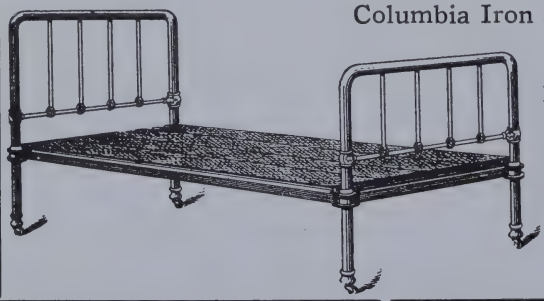

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Volume 36 Spring Number, 1919 Number 3

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WE'LL MEET YOU.

Captain Gilbert Burnett

R. O. T. C.

SHORTLY after the signing of the Armistice Viator saw the passing of her S. A. T. C. Unit. The young soldiers had grown to love army life at College, and many of them expressed regrets at having to leave. The discontinuance of the unit, however, did not change things very materially; for military training had been established the year before by Reverend Father O'Mahoney, the former president of the College. Though government support was withdrawn the bugle continued to sound taps and reveille as in the days of the S. A. T. C. Two or three weeks after the disbanding of the student army word came from Washington inviting the College authorities to establish a Reserve Officers' Training Corps. This invitation was heartily received and within two months Viator was a recognized R. O. T. C.

During the interim Captain A. N. St. Aubin, well known and respected as Captain of the Illinois Reserves of Kankakee, kept up the military discipline and training. When Captain Burnett, who was sent by the Washington authorities, arrived to assume command he found a high morale among the students. Although the incentive of immediate service was a thing of the past, yet Captain St. Aubin had so inspired his young soldiers that they exhibited the zeal of men making ready for "Over Seas" duty.

The day after Captain Burnett arrived he explained to the boys that the Government desired every boy of fourteen years and over to enroll in the Reserve, and that they would be furnished, free of charge, full equipment and military instruction. "The initial allowance of equipment," he stated, "would be about forty-two dollars, and the conditions are simply to be a student at the College and attend the drills." No other obligations whatsoever were imposed. Neither a physical examination nor a promise of continued service was to be exacted. In return for their drilling three or four hours a week, the government would, after two years of such training, pay each student forty cents a day besides equipment and a week or two each year at some military camp. Even the railroad fare to the summer camp is to be paid by the government. As a result of the Captain's talk 192 students enrolled in the service.

The entire Corps is doing nicely under the able direction of Captains Burnett and St. Aubin, who are assisted by two Regular Army Sergeants, Carmel Smith and Myron Penrod.

Captain Gilbert Burnett is from Louisville, Kentucky. He is an Alumnus of the Law School of the University of Virginia, having graduated from that school in 1908. Shortly after passing the bar examination he opened an office in Louisville. When the war broke out he gave up a very good practice and made arrangement to join the colors. He entered the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison and was commissioned in November, 1917. He was then assigned to Camp Grant, where he remained in charge of the 343rd Infantry until given charge of the S. A. T. C. Unit established at the Old Quarry in Chicago. At this post he won for himself the distinction of conditioning his men in the shortest time. With the signing of the Armistice he aided in closing the unit and was then transferred to his present station. There is no doubt that with the able assistance of Captain St. Aubin and the two enthusiastic Sergeants Captain Burnett will have one of the best Reserve Officers' Training Corps in the country.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.
—William Cowper.

Captain A. N. St. Aubin

Art and Architect

Francis Barry Byrne, S. A. T. C.

ART is essentially spiritual in this sense:—its impelling quality: its power to thrill and move, emanates from its creator—the artist. A reproduction of a great work of art cannot have this, and it is of necessity comparatively a dead thing. Art is creative and individual. To quote Victor Hugo: "Art is a region of equals." Once a work attains the place or stature of art it stands alone, independent, and is to be judged on its own basis. On this basis it may be quite supreme, no matter how various and beautiful other and different styles of art may be. My purpose in elucidating this matter of the spiritual or creative element in art is to meet a standard objection that is advanced against the creative idea in Architectural design. The objection is this: a new Architecture cannot hope to have the refinement of Greek, Gothic or Renaissance styles and therefore creation should not be attempted. The answer is a very simple one: refinement does not make a work of art, for art is the product of personality. It exists because of this personal quality, and the superficial refinement of forms or style has very little to do with it.

While the individual imagination and thought of the Architect gives the stamp of art to his work, still there are beyond this certain fundamental, basic principles which are common to all Architectures. Without these basic principles, no style of design in building can with truth rightly be called Architecture. In reviewing these elements that form the basis of Architecture, let us at the outset understand that they are fundamentally simple.

Architecture primarily is building; it is construction; brick lying on brick in the wall; beam spanning from post to post; stone resisting stone in the thrust of an arch. These and their kind are the elemental things of Architecture, as it were, its anatomy, which the Architect arranges and clothes as his imagination and capacity permits. These facts of structure he varies and fashions to suit the purpose of his building, but they are still the salient facts of a building and its place as a work of Architecture depends upon the degree to which these elemental facts are made expressive. While Architecture is construction first, it is more than this; it is construction beautified, either by arrangement, decoration or by both.

Architecture, therefore, is structure decorated. It develops

and grows from the inside outward, and it concerns itself with the truth of its expression of purpose or use, and of the materials and construction employed. On this basis of fact, it develops and intensifies the truth and makes beautiful the already interesting and stimulating facts of structure. For the facts of structure, honestly used, are in themselves suggestive of beauty and occasionally we find that the purely utilitarian building alone without the addition of aesthetic design has a majesty and natural beauty of its own. Instances of this are the great concrete grain elevators which in their simple austerity, their statement of pure fact without needless and foolish embellishment, are truly monumental structures.

On the other hand, the steel skeleton of a fireproof office building is not in itself beautiful, except in the working or machine sense, as the human skeleton is beautiful. It is not of itself harmonious or appealing. It is, however, suggestive of a peculiar lightness and beauty, which is its distinctive structural quality. This rigid lightness distinguishes it not only from other of our modern buildings but more particularly from the buildings of any other period of history. This building is a purely modern product, and I am going to discuss its Architectural design critically with a view of making more evident this whole matter of sincerity as a basis of an inventive and modern Architecture.

Here we have then a problem that is new in its conditions. The structure is a skeleton of relatively light frame, one that is to be covered. Its height is imposing and overshadows everything in building that preceded it. It is utilitarian in its purpose. These are the facts of this building and the test of its Architectural design must lie in the degree to which it expresses these facts with clarity and beauty. Art is always a medium for the expression of ideas and in the case of the tall buildings, the facts of the structure and the purpose of the building are the ideas which the artist must express.

Now this expression of the facts of structure is not anything literal like exposing the steel frame to sight, or to use an absurdity to force my comparison, encasing it in glass, so that you can see it. It is more a question of harmony with the characteristics of the frame, which, as I have already said, are its lightness, rigidity and use.

This problem of design is the great challenge of our day to the Architect. Let us examine his solution of the problem, his answer to the challenge. The architect, not finding a skyscraper in his books on Renaissance or Gothic Architecture, and not being trained to design from the inside outward, does the painful thing of taking his antiquities and piecing them out over the stories of his building in the matter of a patchwork. This result, by the way, is our final confession of artistic impotence, and one must be careless of the truth, indeed, to brag of artistic

progress in the face of this monumental artistic failure, the skyscraper.

You will naturally ask why the skyscraper as usually designed is so incredibly bad, so illogical and perverse. This analogy will illustrate the point. Suppose a sculptor were called upon to design the covering of the human skeleton, making it as expressive and harmonious as the covering of tissue and muscle with which we are familiar. Our sculptor, however, had devoted all of his time to the study of cats. His modelling of a paw was a delight, of a cat's head a joy of realism. He, therefore, pieces out his cat over the human skeleton, supplementing it as best he can with extraneous matter and surfaces, all comically unrelated to the skeleton. Can you picture the absurdity? This, then, is the method of design used in our tall buildings where the cat is the inevitable Rennaissance, or other historic Architecture, pieced out over the steel skeleton.

We can invent a good machine, and I have yet to hear of a scientifically trained man thumbing over details of discarded types of machinery when he has to design a part for such a machine. On the other hand, this is the prevalent method of our Architectural design. We build Architectural anomalies and misfits around the good clean structure which engineering science has perfected. This covering is a confusion of forms, padding, details that are meaningless, columns that do not support, brackets that are hung, a whole melange of foolish unrelated forms and decorations. It is a very massacre of Architecural forms, taken from all sources and hung upon an honest steel frame. This is, in the main, the answer of our day to this challenge of beauty. There are a few exceptions, it is true, and so brave is their effort, it would be ungracious to fail them a recognition so richly deserved. In the main, however, our sophistication has been our downfall, and we have need here, as everywhere, for that simplicity of outlook which is the key to great things in art as in life.

The essential falsity of this artificial method and type of thought, although frequently less evident, is none the less a fact in any building. It is a denial of progress, of invention, of national and personal individuality. For in addition to the fundamental fact of truth to structure, there is also the truth to life, without which quality no work may be designated as art. I need scarcely point out that there is no relation between our day and the Architecture of the Italian Renaissance, nor the architecture of any other period of history. Architecture and all art is of its own time and deeply, sympathetically, of the best spirit of the peoples of that time.

Our buildings are our records. The ability to test their value will lie with posterity who will find them a record of our national homogenity to the extent that we have been ourselves in them, as

they will find them a record of our provincialism to the extent we have copied other times and countries. This not only applies to Architecture, as such, but to the arts of painting and sculpture also, for these and Architecture are really parts of a whole, and should be so viewed. Painting and sculpture have their value and meaning in the economy of life only as related to Architecture, where they serve their highest purpose as decoration. Architecture reaches the fullness of its expression, when these other arts are allied to it with their more vividly emotional qualities. This is important in the purpose of this paper, because the essential purpose of the modern revival of Architecture is one of unity among the arts and a restoration of a condition of Architectural design where this is possible.

Architecture in its truth and principles is constant, but style in Architecture is the expression of periods and individuals. The development of a modern organic style of Architecture, therefore, is dependent primarily on our application of certain fundamental principles. Beyond this, however, lies the invention and thought of the artist which deepens and beautifies these principles. To repeat, Architecture is primarily building, and the person who would design Architecture must view the structural facts of a building in the simplicity of their primitive relation. Primarily a building is an assemblage of materials which constitute the structure and protective covering of it. This is the simple basic fact of all building, and the quality and depth of a style depends initially on the extent to which this is perceived and made expressive.

We find the same sense of basic facts in all art; in the design of great literature; in sculpture, where there is the clear evidence of a surface cut or modelled; in painting, etching and weaving, where the initial fact of the particular medium forms the basis of aesthetic appeal. It is the sense of the piano which we feel in the design of Chopin's music; of finger striking a keyed instrument. Music builds up on this basis, just as architecture, no matter how diversified, is clearly, eloquently built up, brick on brick, stone on stone.

So we return to the central fact that art, and therefore Architecture, is essentially of the simple and common things of building, and of life. It is this, primarily, and any other basis, no matter how deviously overlaid with refinements and clever conceits, is bad at the core and must lead to stagnation and artistic futility. Art cannot be separated from reality and still live. It is a living and sentient fact, the product of the entire mass of the people, for the artist is but the populace become vocal. It must be of our time, an outgrowth of the idealism that is the common heritage. It is finally the measure of our growth in understanding, in depth and in sensibility.

Jimmy King's Mother

Martin W. Doherty, *Academic*

THERE was a lull in the usual din and clamor of the editorial room of the "Morning Rumor" on that Monday night so eventful in the lives of both Jimmy King and Stanley Green. Jimmy and Stanley, two young reporters, and the city editor were the only persons in the office on that dull and uninteresting night. Seated in a reclining chair with his feet on the desk was Jimmy, indulging in his favorite pastime, day-dreaming at night, while Stanley was standing a few feet away, watching him with jealous and hateful eyes. He was trying to surmise what it could be that always engaged Jimmy's attention. He finally concluded that it must be love.

Jimmy cared little for conversation, this was a sure sign of love. It was not infatuation, however, that produced this effect on Jimmy, it was ambition. He wanted to be left alone to ponder over his plans for the future. On this account he was disliked by many of his fellow workers. Amongst these the most malignant was Stanley, who carried his dislike to bitter detestation. When Stanley hated, he hated with all the venom of a vicious and depraved heart. The derision of others had little effect on Jimmy, he continued to dream as if his calumniators had not existed.

The plans and hopes which Jimmy fostered were, in a way, more laudable than censurable. He did not yearn for great wealth or fame; these had little attraction for him. His longings were of a loftier and nobler nature. The little reporter anxiously awaited the day when he could put an end to the privations and discomforts which poverty brought upon his brave little mother. He firmly intended to fulfill all the cherished expectations which she had centered about him, her only son.

Although Jimmy was not talkative he was a good reporter, ever alert when about his duties and always willing to expend any effort to obtain a story. Had Jimmy not possessed these indispensable qualities the city editor would probably not have sent him on the assignment which won him both a reputation and the increased enmity of Stanley Green.

The drowsy, humming sound of revolving electric fans was the only noise heard until the harsh voice of the city editor resounded through the room.

"Oh, King! Come here," called the portly editor. Jimmy was there in an instant, ready for further orders.

"Jimmy," continued the editor, "I want you to go out to Ravenswood and obtain an interview with Mrs. Graceland, the woman accused of murder. So far, she has refused to talk. Now it's up to you to make her talk. We are short of news to-night and that story is just the thing for the first page. When you get it, jump into a taxi and hurry back." Jimmy grabbed his hat and disappeared instantly.

All the world was not smiling with Jimmy as he whirled along through the great metropolis. Stanley Green did not join in Jimmy's exultations; instead he was wishing him all the harm a diabolical mind could conceive. He was angry not only with Jimmy but with the city editor as well. Apparently the poor editor was not aware that the talented Stanley Green was present, so Stanley had to inform him.

"Say, Cap," said Stanley to "His Journalistic Majesty," "Why didn't you send me to get that interview? That mope is so bashful that he'll faint if she sneezes. You couldn't wake him up if you put him under one of the presses, and yet you send him on an assignment like that. I haven't had a decent story in a long time."

"If I were you," the editor advised, "I'd lie low with that kind of talk. It won't get you any place. Jimmy may not be very sociable, but he can get a story when he goes out for it. If I need you, Green, I'll send for you."

While Jimmy was convincing the woman accused of murder, that publicity of her innocence was the surest way of vindicating herself, Stanley was striving hard to find a way of humiliating his rival, and if possible of causing him to lose his position on the staff of the "Morning Rumor."

Stanley was the first to offer his congratulations to Jimmy when the story appeared in print. His compliments were so profuse as to cause Jimmy to blush.

"Now, my good friend," declared Stanley, concluding his flattery, "I insist that you let me have the honor of taking you to supper. After that terrific strain you will enjoy a good meal."

Dumfounded at this invitation, from one who had never before spoken a pleasant word to him, Jimmy could not decline. Little suspecting that Stanley's kindness was actuated by any motive other than friendliness, he accepted it. This he thought an opportune moment for conciliating his hitherto hostile acquaintance.

They immediately repaired to a nearby cafe, where an appetizing meal was ordered. Never before had this guileless youth dined in such a room. He looked about with amazement at the weird carvings, the showy decorations and the many dusty palm trees. He listened with pleasure to the wild and catchy music of the orchestra and the rag-time singing. The merriment of

the place fascinated his simple mind. Jimmy's bewilderment afforded Stanley an excellent opportunity for carrying out his plan. With a fraternal smile he excused himself for a few moments to speak with some friends in a distant corner of the spacious room. Upon meeting Daisy, the waitress, he stopped to give her some instructions regarding her part as his accomplice. She nodded her head several times and after accepting something from him she continued her work.

After they had finished their savory meal, Stanley ordered a little light wine. Jimmy could not arouse enough courage to refuse to drink although he had often been warned by his mother. He reasoned that since his friend had treated him in such princely style it would be an insult to refuse to have a little drink with him. Believing that Stanley would think him a "regular fellow," he drank the contents of the glass, unaware that Daisy had put into it something more than wine. As Jimmy became more stupefied under the effects of the adulterated wine, Stanley's musings became more mirthful. He gloated over the fact that he could boast of being the first one to lead Jimmy from the "straight and narrow path." Intense gratification was the only emotion he experienced while watching Jimmy gradually succumb to the baneful drug.

A few moments later the doors were locked and two detectives announced that no one would be allowed to leave the room until all had been searched. A man was seen talking with one of the officers of the law, apparently describing some article that had been stolen. They had not proceeded far with the search when they came to the innocent young reporter. As he rose with a feeling of unsteadiness to be examined there fell from under his vest a wallet. This purse the gentleman accompanying the detectives immediately identified as his stolen property.

"Call the wagon, Tom," said the officer who had taken Jimmy into his custody.

"But, officer, I swear by Heaven, that I never took that pocket book," excitedly responded Jimmy, as his bemuddled brain seemed to clear. "I couldn't have stolen it, for I never left this table since I came in." He looked about for Stanley to corroborate his statement, but he was not to be found.

Stanley was then hurrying back to the office of the "Morning Rumor." Before entering the office he stepped into a cigar store, called up the cafe and asked for Daisy.

"Hello, Daisy, how did he take it?" he queried.

"Awful hard," she replied. "He refused to go. He kept mumbling something about not disgracing his mother, and when they attempted to take him by force he knocked over two tables and broke a lot of china. They finally had to hit him on the head in order to get him out."

"Good, that will make a fine story," exclaimed Stanley. "Bye, bye, Dear, will see you later."

As he hurried into the office his flushed and grinning face and the devilish twinkle in his eye betrayed the satisfaction of his heart.

"Say, Cap," he remarked to the editor, "I've got a dandy story for you. Just what you want. Jimmy King was arrested in the Turin Cafe for stealing a purse full of money. He was drunk and refused to go. In the scuffle he overturned several tables, destroying a lot of china. Men scrambled to their feet and women shrieked and some of them even fainted. He had to be "knocked cold" before anything could be done with him. The proprietor of the Turin threatens to bring suit against him. How does that sound?"

"It sounds like a lie," savagely retorted the angry editor, "and if a word of it is true, it's a miserable frame-up. I am not here to ruin the reputations of innocent people. Not one word of that goes into the paper. What is more, if you value your position on this staff you had better get Jimmy out of this mess. Until you arrange everything satisfactorily don't let me see your face inside of that door."

Unlike the grinning, jubilant reporter who entered the office a few minutes before there went out of it a dejected and crestfallen Stanley. He knew not what to do. The only course his mind suggested was to go and consult Daisy.

"The only thing to do," Daisy said, "is to go to Jimmy's mother and get her to pay his bail. You know a mother's love and what she'll do for a son. Tell her you are Jimmy's friend and that you have tried to get him out of this trouble but failed. You can say that you have kept it out of the papers and all that sort of stuff. She'll fall for that line all right. You see."

In the office of the "Morning Rumor" there was also worrying and wondering. The city editor thought a great deal of Jimmy, and he could not work when he believed his young friend was in danger. He suspected Stanley of trickery, and this he wanted to prevent; so he decided to go to Mrs. King and explain the case in a favorable light, lest she should hear it first from less sympathetic lips.

Stanley had just entered the parlor of the Kings' home when a taxicab stopped at the door and the sound of footsteps on the stairs were heard. He told Mrs. King not to tell the visitor of his presence, as he quickly stepped into a back room. Mrs. King, alarmed and perplexed at these strange events, opened the door with a nervous hand and spoke in a tremulous voice. Having shown the new visitor into the parlor and given him a chair, she excused herself and retired to the room into which Stanley had taken refuge. Standing near the door, the culprit nervously began to tell of Jimmy's arrest.

"Mrs. King, I hate to tell you this—it's about Jimmy. You see, he, he—" began Stanley.

"My God! Has he been killed?" excitedly exclaimed the woman.

"No, no, not that," he replied, "not that, he's only been arrested. You know, he, he—he, stole a pocket book while he was drunk. He has been taken to jail. It won't be so terrible, for I have asked the editor not to print anything about it, and he promised that he wouldn't."

The poor woman was about to fall when he caught and held her. The perspiration stood out on Stanley's forehead, as he thought of the awful wrong he had done. The plaintive moaning of Mrs. King deeply affected him.

"Oh my son," she cried, putting her arms about Stanley and holding him in a maternal embrace, "why did you let them lead you into such crimes? I know you are innocent, I know you are. May God forgive those who did this to you. My son, my little child, my sweet baby, you are innocent, you are, you are."

Stanley felt like running a sword through his own heart, he was so miserable. Never before was he in such an embarrassing position. If his distress was agonizing when alone with the poor woman, his confusion was indescribable when the city editor stepped into the room.

"You are about the most debased and degenerate type of man that I have ever had the misfortune of meeting," said the editor. "How can you be so craven? Can you let that mother bestow upon you all the affection that she would lavish upon her son whom you have maliciously seduced? How can you permit that and still refuse to do what lies in your power to remove the causes of her grief? If I had positive proof that you are the culprit, I, myself would have you arrested."

Stanley gave no answer but ignominously left the room and wandered out into the streets. As soon as Mrs. King could compose herself she and the city editor went to the police station to obtain Jimmy's release. About an hour later mother and son were locked in fond embrace, weeping softly over their misfortune. Although the stigma was not removed, Mrs. King told Jimmy repeatedly that she believed he was innocent. Even the corpulent and unsentimental editor was about to shed tears, when his attention was arrested by the opening of the jail door. Stanley Green, the personification of despair, entered and stood for a moment watching the pathetic scene.

"Mrs. King," he pleaded in a faltering manner, "please don't be angry with me, although I cannot blame you if you are. I am responsible for all your trouble, but I have explained it to the Captain and Jimmy may now go free. I used to hate Jimmy but I don't any more. I envy him. I could never imagine what he used to be dreaming about, but for the rest of my life I'll dream of the time when you thought I was your son and you kissed and caressed me as you do Jimmy. I guess the reason why I had his wine doctored and had the wallet put into his

pocket when he was dizzy, was because I never had a mother. Jimmy is a lucky fellow."

It was not a look of indignation or anger that played upon Mrs. King's haggard face but a look of tender pity and maternal compassion.

"I can have two big sons if you want to be my boy," she said kindly, as she took Stanley into her embrace and petted him.

"Put it here, you're a man," declared Jimmy.

"And put it here, you're all right," added the city editor.

Ireland

O fairest island of the seas
Where spirits flit in twilight breeze,
A crooning lonely threnodies;
A magic place is Ireland.

Where earth and sky and waters meet
In harmony and beauty sweet,
The flow'r decked sward beneath your feet;
A lovely place is Ireland.

A land of Honor, Virtue rare,
No lurking beast hides in his lair,
The breath of God is in the air;
A holy place is Ireland.

Aye magic, lovely, holy place,
Nor time, nor distance can efface,
As memory its steps retrace;
My love for thee, my Sireland.

And when my soul flies home to God,
I'd rest beneath the shamrock sod,
The ground where saints and martyrs trod;
Oh make my grave in Ireland.

REV. WM. COURTNEY

The Schoolmen

Daniel A. O'Connor, '20

WHAT is known as the "Scholastic Era" extended from the fifth to the fourteenth century. The men in whom we are interested at present, and who bear the title of "Schoolmen," lived and flourished from the eleventh century to the close of the scholastic period. What was the character and the work of these men, and what lasting effects have their lives bestowed on future generations? These are the questions that will occupy our attention.

But first let us revert for a moment to the ancient times. Of all the philosophers who lived before the Christian era, of all those who professed in varying degrees to be "lovers of wisdom," I will single out but two. Plato, the Idealist, who was guided more by fancy than reason; and Aristotle, the philosopher by pre-eminence, who followed the path pointed out by reason with the greatest care. In his intellectual pursuits Aristotle did not, like Plato, permit himself to become confused by the abstruseness of the questions in hand and attempt to fly on the wings of contemplation before he was able to walk with steady tread along the path of natural reason. I mention these two philosophers because of the peculiar and important influence they exerted on the thought of the middle ages, the time of the Schoolmen, as well as on the intellectual accomplishments of later times.

With the dawn of Christianity the teachings of these ancient philosophers were forgotten or at least eclipsed for a time before the brilliant light of the great doctors who were destined to be the fathers of Catholic thought. A Jerome, an Augustine, Hilary, Ambrose, Basil and Gregory found themselves fully occupied in laying the foundations of Christian philosophy. Undoubtedly they were influenced and aided by the achievements of those who had been the great thinkers of ages long past, but their greatest attention was directed toward the study of the lives and teachings of the apostles and martyrs who were so near to them in point of time, and especially they were bent on the development and on the explanation of the teachings of our Lord as recorded by the Evangelists and transmitted by tradition. Hence, their philosophy tended to be mystic rather than rational, Platonic rather than Aristotelian. And I make this contrast because the reconciliation, the harmonizing, defining and arranging

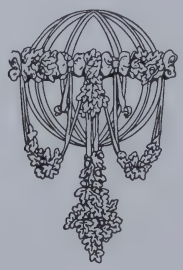
of the teachings of these two schools were the problems which gave life, vigor, labor and existence itself to the Schoolmen of the middle ages. Or again I might refer to Plato as a theologian and to Aristotle as a philosopher and then all the controversy of the middle ages is resolved into a contest between philosophy and theology, which in fact it was.

We can concede that the teachings of the Fathers of the Church influenced the ages and directed the thought of Christianity, and let us pass along to the time of Charlemagne, which we may style as a new era of intellectual activity, the beginning, the revival rather, of interest in the affairs of the mind. Although Charlemagne was not a scholar himself, nevertheless he appreciated the value of intellectual training, and lent his powerful efforts to its development. Schools were established throughout the empire under the judicious direction of Alcuin, and men of letters were everywhere treated with respect and were encouraged in their labors. This conduct redounds to the credit of a man, who, although his own sword was mightier than his pen and probably than any pen of his time, yet he was broad-minded enough and sufficiently endowed with the force of native intellect to appreciate the power of learning in other men.

But our chief concern is not with the great Emperor of the West. Admire him as we may, there is yet another type of man who interests us more at the present time. The development of intellect which commenced in Charlemagne's time was destined to increase and progress in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and reached its climax in the fourteenth. The coming of the ages of faith meant not only the birth of a keener interest in matters of faith and morals, but of everything that could interest the human mind. Ecclectics like John of Salisbury were to shine as men of universal knowledge. Roscelin, Abelard and Peter Lombard were to sound the depths of reason in following their old master, Aristotle. By depending too much on their own intellects to solve the truth of faith, they did indeed fall into grave errors, but even their mistakes proved a source of enlightenment. Had there been no false doctrine to combat, truth would not have been so gloriously championed. Mysticism, which we may well call the perfection of Platonism found able defenders and true subjects in St. Anslem, St. Peter, Damian and St. Bernard, who, because they relied more on faith than reason, were destined to be more successful in the pursuit of all truth. The School of Chartres, which was dedicated to the study of Plato directed particular attention to the teachings of the ancients, and thus turned the thought of the middle ages toward these fruitful sources of knowledge.

In the 13th century came the great harmonizers of human and divine truth. It was the function of these luminous minds clearly and distinctly to mark the provinces of philosophy and

theology. They were at one and the same time eminent as exponents of reason and mysticism. They taught that all knowledge was true, and as such it was desirable; that there was in fact no conflict between philosophy and theology, but that each had its own sphere. The teachings of both Plato and Aristotle were reviewed, purified and used for the fuller development of Christian philosophy. We are especially indebted to St. Thomas for an accurate translation of the Greek text of Aristotle. These men are the crown and glory of the middle ages. The fruit of their labors we now enjoy and posterity will ever profit by the service they have rendered. Nor should we fail to take notice of and pay homage to Roger Bacon for the valuable service he rendered in promoting the study of natural sciences; to the critical Duns Scotus, who was deemed a worthy opponent of St. Thomas by his Franciscan brethren; to mystics like Thomas A Kempis, and later on to the Jesuits Toletus, Vasquez and Suarez, who recalled all the glories of the 13th century. The name of Descartes closes the scholastic period. The contest between philosophy and theology as rival systems of thought was at an end. Henceforth they were to be recognized as separate sciences, each having its proper zone. This was the great result attained by the Schoolmen of the middle ages by lives devoted to the pursuit of learning. We of to-day are the beneficiaries of the legacy of wisdom which they have left. As such a sacred trust lies upon us. It is our duty to see that none of their labors will be lost, that the superstructure of the edifice of learning for which they have so solidly laid the foundations shall rise to the stars, the glorious monument of intellectual achievement.



Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—Everett.

Our Service Record

GREGORY A. GALVIN, '19

IN THE historic war just ended the sons of Viator palyed an important role that is worthy of profound respect and admiration. At the first sound of the tocsin many of her actual students left their quiet and retired life of study to take up the hard and trying lot of a soldier. Truly, it was a sad sight to see these boys just in the first vigor of manhood, with high hopes and great ambitions, forced to surrender their life's objective and strike out on a dangerous and different path. Though their departure was from one point of view an occasion of sorrow and regret, still—from another it was a source of joy and justifiable pride—for these boys were going forth to fight for the liberty of the world.

The service flag that floats triumphantly over the college campus tells a story of four hundred and twenty-three sturdy Sons of Viator—loyal both to their country and to their Alma Mater—who helped to form that great army that America launched against the enemies of civilization. Enclosed in a field of blue stars are twenty-two crosses that signify the number of Chaplain Sons of St. Viator who accompanied our soldiers from camp to camp, from American shores to European battlefields, tending to their spiritual needs and comforting them with words of cheer and hope. The fifteen gold stars stand for those who in this terrible conflict were called upon to shed their life's blood in order that the great ideals of the American nation might be preserved and perpetuated.

Many facts can be related of the heroism displayed on the bloody fields of France by these gallant Sons of Viator. In the battle of Chateau-Thierry, where the Marines turned the Hun drive into a great German catastrophe, Chaplain Harris A. Darche, First Lieutenant, U. S. M. C., was among the men cited for bravery. During this memorable battle Colonel Hughes, second in command of the Sixth Marines, speaks of Lieutenant H. A. Darche in the following words: "We had a Catholic priest in our regiment who was the most remarkable man I have ever known. He worked tirelessly, cheering the boys, dressing their wounds, and was always in the thick of it. With his orderly he dug graves and buried men and I have always suspected that when the fighting was good he may have done some. The French made him a Chevalier of the 'Legion of Honor.'" Father

Darche was similarly praised by other men in the regiment, for his unswerving fidelity to duty, his arduous zeal, and courageous spirit. On another occasion during the progress of some hot fighting, Father Darche requested permission to accompany his men over the top. His request was denied by the Officer in Command. Chaplain Darche then procured a Red Cross Band for his arm and under this new role succeeded in following his men over the top. This heroic priest was at one time reported dead but the report proved to be false. His obituary was written by one of his friends, and Captain Darche had the rare privilege of reading the account of his death. A humorous letter was received by his obituarist, in which he thanked him kindly for all the panegyrics bestowed upon his character, and dryly added that he hoped some day to return the compliment. Chaplain Darche was cited for bravery on three different occasions, and is thought to be the first American priest decorated.

Sergeant John V. Hogan, Inf., U. S. A., star football player of '13, received the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery. No one will deny that John really deserved this distinction after reading his words: "For myself I do not know what an average American will do, but I do know what I did is what I would expect of a comrade. They say I did something exceptional but I thought myself doing only my bit. Along on No Man's Land—a machine gun was popping at my platoon and me—eight boches around the gun—what would anyone do with a loaded rifle? Just what I did—kill the gunner and his aid, and the rest, if they did not surrender. Six cried, 'Kamerad,' and I sent them behind the lines. A little further on three machine guns two men and myself captured. Frankly, would not another do the same thing in my place? I think so, but my officers do not, so they recommend me for a Distinguished Service Cross." John is with the 89th Division of 355th Infantry, in Co. L.

Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, '13, of the U. S. M. C., was selected by his superior officers to reconnoiter the positions of the enemy—so well did he accomplish his duty, and so courageously did he face the dangers which it entailed, that he was cited for bravery. A letter of praise was sent to his parents from the Headquarters, U. S. M. C., in which was enclosed the following message: "Second Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, U. S. M. C., in action near Vierzy on July 19th, in order to reconnoiter the position held by the enemy, constantly exposed himself to the fire of machine gunners and snipers to secure this vital information." Emmett was decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French government. In a later engagement, while fighting with the same dauntless courage shown in the action near Vierzy, Emmett suffered the loss of an arm.

The action of First Lieutenant "Jack" O'Donnell, Chaplain of the 32d Division, was warmly praised by Colonel Davis. It was said that on one occasion during the progress of a battle, the

Colonel desired to speak with the Chaplain. A man on laison duty was sent in search of him. He found Chaplain O'Donnell leading a platoon in the thickest of the fight. Letters have been received from old students in the 32d Division and numerous articles have appeared in the daily newspapers, telling how Chaplain O'Donnell accompanied his men over the top and was always in the thick of the battle. He is known to his men as "Fighting Chaplain O'Donnell." We were not surprised to hear of this for the fighting abilities of Father O'Donnell were many times shown in the hotly contested football games on the college gridiron.

Sergeant William I. Walsh, another member of the 32d Division, who was a student here during Father O'Donnell's time, was likewise praised for his courage and valor. Bill and his company were holding the lines, and were exchanging compliments with the enemy in the form of a constant volley of shells. Four days and four nights this unceasing fire continued. A stray piece of shell wounded Bill slightly but he remained at his post. A second burst of shell killed his companion, wounded Bill severely, and buried him under a mound of earth. Luckily Bill's head was not covered, but while in this position he was gassed. Sergeant Walsh remained helpless for two days and was finally rescued by comrades, who dug him out and sent him to the base hospital. Bill has completely recovered from his injuries, but is still weak from the deadly effects of the gas. He was among the first of the wounded soldiers to return from France.

Lieutenant James V. Dougherty, '08, while gallantly leading his men over the top, was hit in the right leg by shrapnel, and fell seriously wounded. Jim is convalescing at Fort Sheridan, and is awaiting his discharge.

Captain W. J. Potter, 91st Division, won his commission as a Major by his gallant actions, ability and courage shown in the Argonne Forest. The Major of their Battalion was killed during the battle and Captain Potter took command. He directed the advance of the Battalion and succeeded in gaining their objective. On the third day of this hard-fought struggle Captain Potter was struck in the side by a fragment of an exploded shell. Fortunately, his loaded cartridge belt received the force of the steel, and only two of his ribs were broken. The following day Captain Potter, while leading his men, was struck by a machine gun burst, was hit in the shoulder, shot through the lung, and had two ribs and his shoulder blade broken. The 91st Division saw fighting in Belgium as well as in France. This division was cited for courage and valor by the American, British, French and Belgian Armies.

Not only on land but also on sea have Viator men won renown and shown their mettle.

Joseph Wheeler, U. S. N., won the medal for bravery by

performing a singular feat. Due to his courage and ability, a badly damaged submarine chaser was brought back into port. Joe, for his trouble and courageous actions, won a citation.

The above men who were decorated with the insignia for bravery, and those who fell wounded, while gallantly fighting, serve as a standard by which we may judge the deeds and character of the other four hundred Viator men in the service.

Most of the Viator men selected for the position of officers had little or no training before enlisting, but after entering the service, showed ambition to rise to higher ranks, performed well each duty assigned, and in every case demonstrated their honor, intelligence, and reliability. Encouragement came from their superior officers, and opportunities for promotion were soon forthcoming. Among the Viator men commissioned are Colonel Joseph McAndrews, General Staff; Major William J. Potter, Captain James J. Burns, Executive Staff in France; Captain Edward McShane, Captain William Carroll, Captain A. N. St. Aubin, Lieutenant John McKenna, Lieutenant Gerald Cleary, Lieutenant Maurice F. Dillon, Lieutenant Raymond Shannon, Lieutenant Thomas P. Grant, Lieutenant Alex J. Burke, Lieutenant James V. Dougherty, Lieutenant Harold V. Burns, Lieutenant Ralph Hefferenan, Lieutenant Andre Gunderlac, Lieutenant Joseph J. Lynch, Lieutenant Daniel Hayden, Lieutenant Imus Rice, Lieutenant James McAndrews, Lieutenant John Finn, Lieutenant Arthur Goudreau, Lieutenant Clement Riordan, Lieutenant Harold V. Arnberg, Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, Lieutenant John Russell, Lieutenant (j. g.) Harry V. Kaminsky, U. S. N., Ensign Edmund F. Conway, and Ensign Edward Roache.

In addition to these men are the twenty-one Chaplains, who rank as First Lieutenants. The Chaplains are as follows: Reverends William J. Bergin, C. S. V.; John W. Maguire, C. S. V.; William J. Stephenson, C. S. V.; J. F. Moisant, C. S. V.; F. P. Coupal, D. P. Monaghan, M. J. Heeney, B. J. Shiel, A. D. Girard, J. M. Lonergan, C. C. Boyle, E. A. Broadman, J. P. Munday, S. Libert, J. M. Kangley, J. P. O'Mahoney, L. V. O'Connor, J. L. O'Donnell, Felix Helta, James McKay, A. H. A. Darche, Savary and J. McCarthy. All these Chaplains performed excellent work in the camps of the United States and in the battlefields of Europe. Their faithful discharge of duties; the fatherly solicitude and kindness exercised towards the soldiers; their devotion to the wounded and the dying, has time and time again been remarked and praised. Soldiers with whom they came in contact characterized their work and deeds as worthy of the greatest praise and distinction.

St. Viator was represented by one of her sons in every branch of the service, and is proud of her record. Henry Ruel, an old student and an able lawyer of Kankakee, and Thomas J. Normoyle, of Chicago, served as K. of C. Secretaries in France.

The work of these secretaries has been warmly praised by soldiers who have returned, and, no doubt, the untiring efforts put forth by Mr. Ruel and Mr. Normoyle have occasioned at least a portion of this justly merited praise.

With such a large number of commissioned men St. Viator's certainly deserved to be represented at the Peace Conference. Unofficially we learned that Elmer J. Kenyon, for four years Professor of English in the College Department, and an excellent master of Latin, Greek, German and French, was selected because of his knowledge of languages as an interpreter at the Conference.

Corporal Thomas J. Finnegan, '15-'17, former football player at Viator, was chosen as one of the body guard of President Wilson at the Peace Conference. Men are chosen to act in such capacities only after they have proven their courage, honor and reliability. Those who have known Tom and have seen him in action on the college gridiron know that he possesses all these qualities in an eminent degree.

Sergeant William Bayer, '18, all around athlete, won the distinction of being the best hand grenade thrower in France. To see Bill whip the ball to second we little wonder that he won such an honor and we know that the Boches must have had a hard time in getting out of his range.

Not satisfied with her part in the war, Viator undertook to train men to become officers. In the early part of July word was received from the government inviting students of the college to undergo an intensive course of training to prepare themselves to train students who would enroll in the Students Army Training Corps. These units were to be established at every college throughout the United States that could meet the conditions. Reverend J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., then president, informed the graduates of this offer on the part of the government. The result was that St. Viator was represented at Fort Sheridan by Francis Ortman, Francis Kennelly, Walter Marquadt, Joseph Lynch, James Gallahue, John Madden and T. E. Fitzpatrick, C. S. V., as faculty member. At the close of the course five of the above were recommended as Instructors in the S. A. T. C., and Joseph Lynch, the sixth man, was awarded a Commission. The college, through the generous assistance of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, and the untiring efforts of Rev. J. F. Ryan, succeeded in meeting the conditions and secured government recognition. Captain W. E. Dove, Lieutenant G. F. Uplinger, Lieutenant L. N. Thomas, assisted by the students from Fort Sheridan, were sent here to take charge of the Unit. Under the able leadership of these officers and under the tutelage of competent teachers the unit was proving a great success. Government Inspectors commented upon the spirit of harmony and satisfaction that existed among the faculty, officers and students. With the signing of the armistice came the demobilization of the S. A. T. C., but Viator, having a taste of army life, liked it and wanted more. In

compliance with the goverment's wish and plan, an Officers' Reserve Training Corps was established. The unit is composed of about two hundred and forty men and is under the command of Captain G. Burnett, Inf., U. S. A.; Captain A. N. St. Aubin, Ill. Res.; Sergeant C. Smith, Inf., U. S. A., and Sergeant M. Penrod, Inf., U. S. A. Under these men the cadets are being brought to perfection in the mechanical movements of close order, exhibition drills and other manuevers.

Among the men known to have been wounded or gassed on the battlefields of France are Lieutenant James V. Dougherty, Private Homer Steinhoff, Private Richard Shields, Sergeant William I. Walsh, Major W. J. Potter, Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, Chaplain Harris A. Darche, Private Hugh Graham, Private D. Rioridon, Donald Somers and Clarence Houle.

Sadly do we record the Viator dead, who nobly sacrificed their lives upon the Altar of Democracy. Lieutenant J. P. Munday, Chaplain at Great Lakes, and former Professor of Dogma at the College, was the one Chaplain called upon to make the supreme offering. Here at the Great Lakes, while administering the last sacraments to a victim of that dread plague—the influenza—he contracted the malady and after a few days succumbed to its relentless attacks. S. Newell Calkins, 349th Infantry, was taken ill with pneumonia at Camp Pike and after six weeks illness he died. Dennis P. McCarthy, '13-'14, enlisted at Camp Lewis but was discharged later because of poor health. In the selective draft he was accepted and sent to Jefferson Barracks. Here he was suddenly taken ill and a few days later passed away. Maximillian J. Legris entered the service in August, 1918. After a few months of intense training he was on his way to France. Max died of the influenza and was buried in mid-ocean. Peter F. Boyle, '14, while undergoing training at Great Lakes, also fell a victim to the influenza. J. F. Lynch (Jerry), '06-'12, imbued with the spirit of patriotism, enlisted in the U. S. Navy. After a year of service, performing the duties to which he was assigned, he contracted the influenza and after a short period of illness expired. Walter Evans, Elroy Longlois, and Bernard Gordon, three other former students, also died in camp during the influenza epidemic. Joseph Harmon, member of the Canadian Volunteers, and one of the first of the Viator men to enter service, died at one of the training camps in Canada. A. E. Anderson, former Professor of Physics and Mathematics at the college, filled with the fire of patriotism, which could not be checked even by physical disability, enlisted for clerical work. Professor Anderson was assigned to Camp Zachary Taylor, and he had been at camp only a short time when influenza claimed him as one of its many victims. Though these noble men were not permitted to die upon the battlefield, their deeds are none the less glorious for they died martyrs to duty in their country's cause.

Edward B. Crane, 18th Inf., U. S. A., saw service in Mexico under General Pershing. At the outbreak of hostilities with Germany, he again enlisted and was one of the first of Viator men to fall fatally wounded in actual battle. Corporal Frank Seybert, football player of '16, was killed in action at Chateau Thierry on July 15th, 1918. Frank's regiment was on the Marne during all the bitterest fighting. On the 15th of July Corporal Seybert and another corporal with a small group of men were sent down to a position near the village of Fossey. It is said that Corporal Seybert volunteered for this duty outside the village although he knew it meant certain death. Here while performing his duty he was killed by shell fire. It was in this memorable fight that Chaplain Harris A. Darche won his citation. Lieutenant Andre Gunderlach, '07-'08, was killed in the last air raid made by the Americans against the Germans. In this last air battle, Andre succeeded in bringing down two enemy planes. At length his machine was damaged by the enemy and this heroic aviator crashed to the earth. Truly unfortunate that this lieutenant, who passed safely through so many air struggles, had to be killed just on the eve of Peace. James V. Lyons, another fearless son of Viator died of wounds received in battle. James was one of the first to enlist, one of the first to cross over to France, and one of the first to die in defence of his country's cause.

The grateful memory of mankind and especially the students and alumni of Viator will never forget these martyrs.

"Not dead for their memory liveth,
Columbia their bivouac keeps
While American spirit lingers
Where each hero-martyr sleeps."

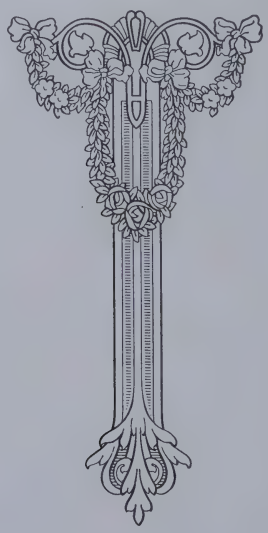
Their names shall be preserved in the hearts of men when all other monumental structures shall have passed away. Every one of their deeds is to a Viator man an especially sacred memory and every one of their graves a consecrated shrine which

"The morning will gild with light,
The holy stars keep watch at night,
The winter spread soft pall of snow,
The summer flowers above them grow,
The sweet birds sing their Springtime call
God's love and mercy guard them all."

Men of Viator, behold the true Christian faith and courage exemplified in the lives of these your fellow-comrades. Follow in their footsteps and make the world your debtor by clinging tenaciously to the truths and principles for which they fought, bled and died. Truly St. Viator has every reason to be proud of

her war work; the number of men commissioned; the efforts on the part of the faculty to make the S. A. T. C., and R. O. T. C. a success; the four-minute men sent out to increase the enthusiasm and morale; the tireless efforts of her men in the Liberty Loan drives; the number cited for bravery along with the number of her wounded and dead, which will form many a golden page in the history of her career.

Proudly does she unfurl her service flag spangled with stars, each star representing a young man trained and nurtured at her breast. Especially dear are the fifteen golden stars, as they represent the fair forms of fifteen of her noblest sons who died for the principles of Justice, Right and Liberty. Soldier and martyred sons of Viator, you have fallen in line behind that great file of Catholic heroes and patriots that have gone before. You have carried the Cross and the Flag and have gone smiling to your death. The standard of Catholic patriotism set up in the past has been equalled by your valorous deeds. Your Alma Mater rejoices in you, her worthy sons, for by your conduct you have shown the fruit of her teaching, and have shed a lustre upon her name which shall never fade as long as true "Fame her eternal record keeps."



Oh, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
—Longfellow.

Our Club

B. T. D., '21

IF there is anything which makes the memories of college life fascinating to an alumnus, it is the close and intimate relationship of the students. The business world rarely bestows such lasting ties of true and sincere friendship which are found among college friends. The reasons are clearly perceptible. It is the homelike atmosphere which pervades the haunts of learning, and the unison of purpose which exists between student friends that creates such similarity of feeling. Within the revered precincts of his college walls the earnest students see "Welcome" written in every nook and corner. It is a foster home for him, and its meeting places are melting pots of lasting friendships. One of the principal means of promoting this unanimity of feeling is the recreation halls or club rooms of the college.

Thanks to the artistic touches of Father Hazen's master hand and to his thoughtfulness, we have recently come into possession of one of these social halls. The southwest corner of our gymnasium has been partitioned off and converted into a club room, and it admirably answers this purpose. Three massive mahogany booths fitted with card tables and three huge davenports occupy considerable space around the walls. Pictures and pennants add beauty to the mural artistry, greatly augmenting its coziness. Abundant light is furnished by means of six double windows, tastefully decorated with fancy curtains. At night a beautiful floor lamp lends both light and artistic charm, while several smaller hanging lamps afford a pleasing glow to the interested readers. Here also are found library tables, huge morris chairs and well stocked magazine cases. These cases are always filled with the latest variety of Catholic and secular literature. It is of vital importance for Catholic young men to be well versed in religious and current topics. We are certain that this necessity is not overlooked here. If our club room possessed nothing else than its rich assortment of reading material it would prove to us an inestimable benefit.

Besides affording a place where the championship of cards or checkers may be settled, our club is also well adapted for use as a modern forum. Here illustrious youths thrash out the problems of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. Their words give evidence of their educative environments. Should any politician

wish a solution to some problem that has driven him to the precipice of despair let him visit our political circle, and he will receive the desired information.

A victrola and piano never cease to enchant us with their sweet harmony. Words on the importance of music need be few. Music is man's greatest friend; it can change tears into smiles and smiles into tears. Shakespeare condemned the man without a soul for music when he said:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

This verdict finds no harbor in our club members, who patronize the heavenly harmony of Orpheus, digest it with their daily bread and inhale it with the fragrant air.

We wish to thank Father Hazen, Brother Bracken, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Radeke and the members of the S. A. T. C. whose contributions and labors made possible this highly delightful club room.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
—John Keats.

Letters from the Boys

Leutsdorf on the Rhine, Mar. 14th, 1919.

Dear Father Marsile:

Your letter of October received but a few days ago, and I was indeed very glad to know you have returned to Bourbannais, and also the good changes at the College. I am always glad to hear of the success of old St. Viator's.

I have returned to my former regiment since Dec. 20th and now living in a chateau on the shores of the Rhine; this is a very picturesque locality, ten miles north of Coblentz. Up to the present the German people have given us no trouble, so at the present our occupation of invaded territory is rather monotonous, after the terrific struggle we were engaged in. My great difficulty now lies in the fact that I know very little of the Boche language.

In the Rhineland area, the Catholics are in the majority and attend mass on Sundays very much like in Bourbonnais; the confessions and communions are very numerous. In Metz I found the Cathedral one of the finest I have seen in Europe; very shortly I expect to visit Cologne, especially to contemplate its Cathedral.

Father Gerard's regiment remained in France, so I have practically given up hopes of meeting him on this side of the ocean. I have written to Father Savary, but as yet have received no answer. I was very sorry to hear of Father Ralph and Max Legris' death. When you meet Mr. Legris offer him my deepest sympathies.

I am unable to announce when we shall return to the States, as no doubt we must wait for the signing of peace; so here's hoping it won't tarry.

May God bless you a hundredfold, is the prayerful wish of

Your humble servant,

Harris A. Darche, U. S. N.

6th Marines

My kindest regards to Fathers Ryan and Rivard.

American Red Cross Hospital,
Denver, Colorado, March 25, 1919.

My dear Friend:

Your letter gave me many details of my friends at St. Viators that brought back pleasant memories now hazy and half forgotten.

I am out here rehabilitating the lung that "Fritz's" bullet smashed so badly. I am afraid it will never be quite normal but as long as it is healthy I am satisfied. The piece of shrapnel in my side was not cut out, but it does not bother me, so I do not care.

You asked me to tell you something of my experiences in the World War. To do justice to such a subject needs a more gifted pen than mine, but anyhow here goes.

When the Huns' drive in the Spring of 1918 became alarming, we were ordered overseas. We escaped the fate of the Carpathia by a narrow margin, for that ship was torpedoed about two hundred miles ahead of us and a Dutch trader about eighty miles west of us. We were under orders to proceed directly to France but a wireless message warned us of the presence of eleven submarines lying in wait for our convoy of sixteen vessels loaded with Yanks; so the course was changed. The convoy was split, half going to Liverpool and the other half to Glasgow. Our vessel skirted the north coast of Ireland and proceeded to Glasgow up the Clyde. The children gave us a great welcome, running alongside the boat when it was near the banks and shouting, "HOORAH FOR UNCLE SAM" and "GOOD LUCK WITH YE". The scenery on the Clyde is the most wonderful in the world. Our ragged mountains are marvellous and stupendous, but the scenery of the Old World is soft and beautiful.

We went from Glasgow to Southampton by rail, receiving ovations from the Britons, who were on their knees by this time worn out with the struggle. They shouted, "GO TO IT, YANKS, IT IS UP TO YOU." Our steel hearted chaps shouting back, "LEAVE IT TO US, BO. WE'LL FINISH UP YOUR GAL DARNED WAR." We crossed the channel at night, rested at Bleville, which is on the outskirts of LaHarve, and then started for the Marne, where our boys were awaiting for the Huns' Big Push. At LaHarve we could hear the far-off rumble of the guns, and it brought the seriousness of the job home to a great many. We reached Paris just after Chateau Thierry and were ordered to Foulain. We proceeded to Meuse-Le-Roi en Houte Marne and received some rations and remained there for a month. We were in the country traversed by the Hun in the great drive on Paris in 1870. Fort Dempierre at Chanfort was the chief land fortification in the valley, the next below being about thirty kilos further down the valley.

We moved towards Metz, marching at night at the rate of

thirty to forty kilos at a stretch. Nothing exciting beyond a few Boches' bombs from the planes and a little machine gun straffing when one of their machines caught us on the road. We were in the drive at St. Mihiel but did not do any fighting. They pushed a few shells at us, but we were in reserve and did not get hurt much.

Here I will explain why we were moved so much. Our Division, the Ninety-first or the "WILD WEST DIVISION", was composed of shock troops and we were intended for assaults and counter attacks. In other words, if things went badly we were to be shot in to stop the enemy or to hold the ground. Our cowboys made wonderful soldiers and chafed at the delay, but their time was soon at hand.

We were moved from St. Mihiel through Void, Bar-Le-Deur to Verdun (a magnificent monument to the valor of the French soldiers). The villages were but heaps of ruins. What pathos was expressed in a sign post planted over a few hills of rubbish! "THIS WAS PARVIS, THIS WAS VANQUAIS." A few miserable, insane beggars crawled about the stones, the remnants of a sturdy peasantry. Their misery was our inspiration and the Hun paid. We billeted in the ruins of Parvis a few kilometers west of Verdun. The Boche had surprised a French regiment in the town a short time previously and killed three hundred of them. In the morning a few 155m shells were fired on us but our consolidated batteries laid down a drum fire and silenced them.

While at Parvis the Colonel ordered us up into the Fort De-Hesse. It was well he did for that evening Fritz laid down a searching fire from his heaviest guns on the village and destroyed what little was left of it. We listened to the shells as thew flew over our heads, and then gave him the laugh. We took position in the marvellous defense of Verdun and perfected our plans for the now famous Meuse-Argonne offensive. My company was given the honor of first going into the line. We relieved the French Seventy-third Division. Up to this time it had been a quiet sector but things certainly livened up when we got there. Our lines were now four hundred meters from the Boches. They treated us to a little hate two or three times each night. Our artillery replied just often enough to get their range properly, and every one waited. Fritz sent over a few "PATROLS," they were promptly detected and destroyed.

On September twenty-fifth, 1918, our barrage opened its thunderous salvo. No pen can depict the marrow-chilling horror of that howling, screaming roof of steel as it went over our heads from fifty to a thousand yards high. The night was turned into a red day by the flash of thousands of guns. Looking back to our rear, the trees of the forest stood in bold relief against a solid wall of fire, and that fire was the flash of innumerable cannon. The reports were so rapid that the result was

a horrible rumble with a major note from the heavy Naval guns far in the rear, to the staccato notes of the 75's. Frightened birds flew back and forth; rabbits even ran along the woods, jumping over the quiet figures of the soldiers waiting, tense and determined, in the high rank graves of "NO MAN'S LAND". We stood on the banks of the river Buanthe from 11:50 p. m. to 5:30 a. m. The nervous strain of those waiting was terrible. No one dared to smoke, so we all chewed tobacco, and you could only make yourself heard by putting your lips to the other fellow's ear and shouting. There in the waist-high rank grass, with old and new shell holes near by, the scattered bones of the long fallen; in the fogs of early morning we moved like uneasy ghosts in a world of shades with Hell just four hundred yards ahead of us. From where we stood as far ahead as the eye could see was the wonderful spectacle of bursting shells. Along the enemy lines was a continuous line of fire, a destructive churning of steel. In the middle and in the distance, completely covering the entire objective, were the bursting shells exploding instantly. It was a huge field full of active fireflies. There were three distinct sounds, the rumble of continuous discharge, the damned soul-like shriek of the flying shells and the roar of the bursting explosives.

It was a relief to me at five-thirty to blow my whistle for the forward movement that meant death and wounds to so many. I felt in a dim way the grandeur of the moment. Our Chaplain, Father Weber, at five thirty as the men moved forward, pronounced general absolution for all the soldiers. Upon our first movement forward the Boche exploded a mine under the men, but by the mercy of God no one was hurt. We plunged through the river and then up the farther bank, tramping down the wire our artillery had not destroyed, and sometimes falling into shell holes full of bones and slimy water.

It was a gray world of an early morning, foggy and smoke darkened. There was a pall of smoke above that shut the sky out of vision. Our barrage was falling a few hundred yards to the front. As it lifted we rushed forward across the shell holes, still reeking with acid, smoke, and luminous flames playing in and out of the clods. The ground seemed hot to our feet, the air quivered and shook. Our skin prickled with the chill, and it was hard breathing. Fritz was now dropping shells all around us; they threw up great fountains of earth and stone. The fragments rattled down on our helmets and clothes. We were gashed and torn by the cruel wire, sweat ran down our faces and got into our eyes and made our mouths sting. We crossed "NO MAN'S LAND", jumped into the enemy's trench, which was untenanted save for the dead. We pushed on without stopping save to tear off the shoulder straps of the Boche dead to see what unit they belonged to, and then plunged through to the enemy's second position. As we passed the entrance to a dug out, some-

one heaved a hand grenade down. If there were any men down there they are still there. Everyone was anxious to come face to face with the enemy, but those who were not shot surrendered and were hurried to the rear. We took the second position without a struggle and then plunged into the Argonne.

The old forest, solid with the underbrush of four years' neglect, was cross-cut by frequent paths, each path commanded by a machine gun. The trees were wired together, and the whole covered with an overgrowth of brush. We cut and slashed our way through this maze, uncovering the machine gun nets. Camouflaged snipers shot at us from the trees and the machine guns like a myriad of bees combed the woods with bullets that bewildered, they came from so many directions. Fritz put up a game fight and died at his gun, but our boys did not ask for quarters, though a steady stream of prisoners kept going to the rear. My company had taken two hundred before noon and God only knows how many they killed. The woods were so thick it was almost individual fighting, and many were the little tragedies in that Hell cauldron. I could hear on all sides "KAMERAD" in shrill stricken voices. Sometimes the answer was a sound of shots accompanied by screams and curses. Other times it was a panting grunt followed by a scream. That last was the bayonet, other times a heavy blow. Sometimes a yell, "Where is the Captain?" that meant prisoners. We pushed on, giving and taking, until mid-afternoon. My God, how tired and exhausted we all were! Our water was gone and we drank from shell holes or from streams that ran red. The wounded would crawl to a stream and then dying, bled into it. Every one was crazed, it was kill or be killed.

As a German officer shot at me, one of my men ran him through the throat. They threw "POTATOES MASHERS" (grenades) at us, we replied with our bombs. It was the Red Death of the Japanese. Kipling speaks of the "FOG OF FIGHTING". I have seen it. Our eyes were red and staring and we laughed at trifles. My leggings unwrapped and dragged behind me until it tripped me. I cursed it and cut it off. My men laughed, they thought it funny. There was nothing about our attack, no yelling but a deadly killing silence. I did not think we were butchers, but it looked like as if we were executioners.

It is no use trying to be graphic, yet this is what I saw. Men were thrown in all directions by the bursting shells. Sometimes they jumped up, and kept going anyhow. Bodies torn and broken lay all around. Fragments of our dead were strewed over the ground and on us. Some of the men bled from the nose, caused by the concussion of the red balled shells that were bursting over us. We staggered like drunken men, calling back and forth to keep the line. The trees were broken and shattered by shell fire. In places the woods took fire. We dragged out our wounded and what Boche we could find and then pushed on. That

was the main thought—keep on, keep on. All the officers kept their eyes glued to their compasses and directed the movements. The men around them protected them from attack. I had a compass in one hand and a map in the other. When the Boche put over gas we never bothered about our masks but rushed through it. It is no wonder "FRITZ" said the Yanks were "DEVILS". We certainly got a devil's diet there. He threw a murderous mustard gas on us, we walked through it. He dropped chlorine on us, we went through it. His planes swooped down, firing machine guns and dropping live-phosphorous. He sent over "FLYING PIGS" and yet somehow we were not all killed. The air snapped and cracked with machine gun bullets, yet the God of battles was with us, and we were unharmed. One of my men near me was hit in the stomach with a shell. It went through him but did not explode. Another lad had his head shot off, a third was hit in the leg with a large shell but kept on going till he dropped. Men wounded unto death wandered back and forth with no one having time to help them.

No use going into details of the horror of the wounded, I want to forget that. I will pause here to say our wounded were the bravest of the brave. It was most uncanny to hear groans from men without arms and legs, with half their face shot away, yet quietly, heroically bearing their burdens. The good God of Heaven will reward them and remember our gallant dead.

Our major was killed, and I took command of the battalion. We had pushed on so far that the Boche cut us off. We turned back and fighting on four sides cut our way through and getting into some trenches, we beat them off. Our battalion had the distinction of first reaching the Corps' Objective.

Each day was a repetition of the first. Each night a hell of fire. At night we lay still, holding what we had gained, beating off counter attacks and getting straffed by artillery fire. I had been cut and scratched by flying particles but had escaped real injury, until the third night out. While talking with the Colonel, making plans for the next day, we heard the shell coming that we knew would get us. It exploded and a fragment about eight inches long and three inches wide hit me flat on. It flattened the cartridges and broke two of my ribs, a small fragment penetrating. I laugh now when I think of how when I regained consciousness I put my hand to my side expecting to push it in up to my wrist, but found I was not hurt. Fritz had my address all right but did not know how to spell it.

The next day we were before Gesnes and west of Cregies. I got in front of a machine gun bullet which lodged in my side, going to the shoulder. Got hit twice more in the back and once in the shoulder blade. All this time it was raining pretty hard, and we began to get cold. We were all pretty thirsty, having spent twenty-eight hours in the trenches. I was operated on, without anesthetic (did not need it). The bullet did not go

all the way through was just under the skin and one slash of the knife brought it out. The "Doc" wrapped it up in a piece of gause and I have it yet. One month later I was hobbling around again, and it is now about six months since, and I feel almost as good as new, and in a few more months will be O. K.

Excuse me and any of my faults as I dashed this off as the spirit moved me.

Cordially,

W. J. POTTER,

Major U. S. Inf.

Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth and stamps them to immortality.—Jameson.

Very Rev. Pascal D. Lajoie, C. S. V.
Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator

Late Superior General of Viatorian

(By E. L. R.)

BRUSSELS, March 1, 1919.—"Father Lajoie dead. Robert." Following this cable came the usual laconic death notice worded as follows: "We regret to announce the death of Very Reverend Father Pascal D. Lajoie, Superior General, who died in Brussels on the first of March, in the ninety-third year of his age, the seventy-second of his religious life, the sixty-seventh of his priesthood, the twenty-ninth of his General Superiorship. Filially offer in behalf of the soul of our regretted Father General the prayers prescribed by the rule." How much history is contained in this simple message which covers nearly a century! Had the death of a young entrant into religion been announced the notice would have been likewise simple and complete. The sweet rules and customs of religious communities have for long centuries made safe the democracy of religious life and death. Both the young religious who dies, as St. Viator, having been made perfect in a brief space, and the octogenarian who, as St. Just, departs from life after long apostolic labors, are hailed by God as faithful servants and leave behind them stimulating examples for others to follow. Intensity of brief service and perseverance in long service are both highly meritorious and worthy of emulation by those aspiring to the honor of that militant soldiership which leads up to the triumphant citizenry of the saints in Heaven.

Public men to whom God grants with other gifts length of days, like Gladstone, Leo XIII, Cardinal Gibbons, and let us say Father Lajoie, acquire a ripeness of wisdom and a mellowness of charity which not only wins them the loyalty of those whose interests they directly serve, but which also elicits worldwide interest and reverent attention. The world at large knows that engaged in ceaseless achievement they have lived from jubilee to jubilee with the cheery iteration of the friendly wish ad multos annos. Those living near these venerable patriarchs have sipped daily the honey of their counsel and felt the invigorating influence of their personal example. To live in the companionship and under the direction of wise and good old age is indeed a very great privilege, for which the dutiful never fail to thank Providence.

Father Lajoie enjoyed the rugged health of a Trappist monk until a few weeks before his death. Interned in Brussels since 1914 and forcibly separated from his spiritual children, he displayed heroic constancy in enduring the material hardships and moral privations induced by the state of war. He even refused to avail himself of passports obtained in 1915 through the State Departments of Washington and Berlin, and he freely elected to remain at his martyr post, beside Cardinal Mercier, near those who suffered most, rather than seek the ease and safety offered by his American subjects.

Through the good offices of the Cardinal of Cologne he succeeded in sending spiritual advice to the membership of the Community. His circular letter on "Spiritual War-Profiteering" was one of the most timely and fecund religious documents issued during the war. It exhorted us to make store of the numerous opportunities afforded us by the times to practice in a higher degree a number of very necessary virtues; patience, generous self-sacrifice to help others, prayer and trust in God. His own perfect abandonment of himself and of the dear interests of his Society to the hands of Providence was a life-long trait of Father Lajoie and was especially remarkable during the trying years of the war. His confidence was always rewarded, and signally so upon the occasion of that series of vexatious events following the infamous law of religious expulsion when Providence led the French exile into Belgium and Spain. Cardinal Mercier eagerly welcomed the fleeing Viatorians and their venerable chief. He exhorted his clergy to confide the children of their parishes to those able teachers, and it was not long before the Clerics of St. Viator were conducting a number of large and prosperous schools in Belgium. A Novitiate and a House of Preparatory Studies were also established and filled with candidates for membership in the Institute of St. Viator. Simultaneously a new province was being erected in Spain, whither a number of Viatorians had fled. Canada received the reinforcement of over two score of brethren exiled from France and was thereby enabled to extend the sphere of its educational activities. The Province of Chicago was projecting its influence westward by establishing a college in Chamberlain, South Dakota, and accepting the direction of a number of parishes in the diocese of Sioux Falls.

It was while these providential developments were taking place under the guidance of Father Lajoie that his greatest and last jubilee occurred. It was on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his priestly ordination, September 12, 1912, that the Very Reverend Father Lajoie saw gathered around him in Brussels delegates from all the Provinces of the Institute, bearing messages of filial congratulation and pious thanksgiving. But what made this jubilee particularly joyful and blessed was the presence of our Cardinal Protector, His Eminence Vincenzo

Vanutelli, who came expressly from Rome to lay at the feet of the venerable jubilarian the most precious gift which his heart might crave, namely, the homage of the Holy Father himself in the form of a rescript granting, besides the Apostolic Benediction, a plenary indulgence on September 12, 1912, to all the members of the Institute, to the students of their schools and to their parishioners under the usual condition of Confession and Holy Communion. This rescript is signed by His Holiness, Pope Pius X, and dated Rome, August 7, 1912.

The abundant literature of this epochal jubilee is redolent of the filial piety of the entire Viatorian family and of the sweet humility and Christian joy of its venerable head. After witnessing the splendor of these scenes in which God through His Vicar set the seal of His approval upon the aged superior's life-work, fain would he, then in his eighty-sixth year, have begged of the Lord to dismiss him now in peace; but it was decreed in Heaven that he should still at the head of his band of educators traverse the years of the war, sustain the courage of those in the trenches, direct the continued operation of schools in Belgium and France appoint superiors and coadjutors in place of those claimed by death in the near and far provinces, and thus by his sure and experienced leadership usher his religious battalion into the dawn of peace before going to his well earned reward.

Viatorians cannot without a tear of filial regret see disappearing from their fond and so long accustomed gaze the figure of that white haired father, so gentle and yet so firm, so cheerfully thankful in prosperity and so joyously strong in adversity, so calmly judicious in perplexity and so fixedly decisive in necessity, to us a loved personality that was a beautiful white tower of strength and of goodness. We will remember how tenacious he was of traditions without being unprogressive, how wary of mere innovations without reserving all his praise for the past, how sweetly cheerful in the consciousness of his gradually waning strength, in a word, not a querulous old man, not a mere praiser of by-gone days; but a singularly young and reverend and lovable old man.

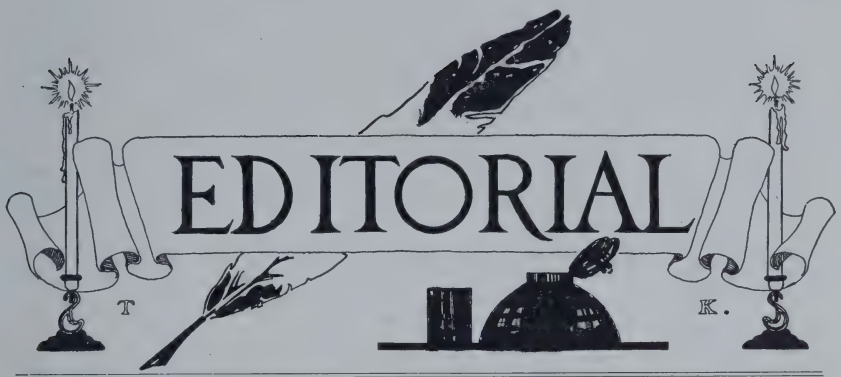
A life that culminates in a chapter such as is here briefly sketched necessarily holds many other preceding chapters. Christianly reared by good parents of Catholic Quebec, young Pascal Lajoie, having completed studies fitting him for the profession of school teaching, was admitted as a Novice in Joliette, Canada, at the age of twenty. In due course of time he became Catechist, Priest, Director of Schools, President of Colleges, Master of Novices, Visitor General, Pastor, Rural Dean, Assistant to the Superior General, Provincial of Canada; he became Vicar General of the Community in 1880 and was elected Superior General in 1890. During the Chapter of 1895 he reorganized the general administration of the Community and established its headquarters at Oullins, near Lyons, moving thence to Paris in

1896, where he remained until 1903, when the Law of Suppression compelled him to seek hospitality in Belgium. The General and his staff first resided in Aerschot and in 1908 finally found a permanent abode in Jette, near Brussels.

Since the publication of Roman decrees concerning Religious Communities in 1900 and after, Father Lajoie made it his business at the General Chapters so to modify our regulations as to bring them in perfect conformity with the requirements of the new laws. In December, 1918, he proclaimed important modifications respecting the periods of temporary vows as demanded by the new code of Canon Law. Throughout his twenty-nine years of Generalship his deep sense of loyalty to Rome ever prompted him to bring the particular legislation of our Community in perfect conformity with the legislation of the Church for Religious Congregations. In this as well as in the general government of the Community his efforts were crowned with splendid results owing to his confident reliance on God and to his own peculiar gifts of tact, prudence, and goodness, qualities which won him cordial welcome in France and the constant and loyal co-operation of the Provinces of Europe and America.

His great task is done and his mortal remains now lie in the war plowed ground of hospitable Belgium; upon his humble far away grave we with our students and parishioners lay our garlands of filial regret and gratitude and we devoutly pray that he who in this early pilgrimage did believe may now see in Heaven, that he who wrought so tirelessly may rest, he who suffered may be comforted and he who wept may sing eternally the glories of the Lord and still continue in bliss to watch over us.

Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.—Carlyle.



The Viatorian

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K. of C.

THE battle cry of freedom and democracy needed not a second sounding to bring to its standards the loyal support of the Catholics of America. The response was so spontaneous, so general and so willing that we have silenced for ages the charges of the Guardians of Liberty and of the remnants of the A. P. As. This call to arms was made by our country, to which we owe our life, in the cause of right and justice. It was our duty to heed the call, but the response made appeared to be that of a privilege. Our duty and our privilege is fast coming to an end, and we can look forward to the reward due good and faithful servants. In the exercise of our duty we have learned many things, and one standing out most prominently is that of Charity to our fellow men. This lesson has been taught in words and deeds by that greatest of fraternal organizations of America, the Knights of Columbus. The lesson they have taught to the whole world,

and the world seems highly appreciative of it. We hear from the mouths of non-Catholics and even from the pulpits of the Protestants unstinted praise for this noble organization. And now amid the acclamations of praise and the bestowal of rewards these same noble Knights come forth and throw open their doors to their Catholic brethren and invite them to share in its good work and congenial companionship. One million has been made the goal of this year's campaign. Who will not heed the call? Who will not now don the accoutrements of a Knight? To allow failure mark this campaign will cause our protestant neighbors to wonder if not to be scandalized at our ingratitude and lack of co-operation in such a good cause. Every Catholic who is eligible should join the Banner of Columbus, and every Catholic who has been a Knight and is in bad standing should take immediate steps to get into good standing that the glory of the sons of Columbus may be increased and that the strength of Union may bless their undertakings.

Homecoming

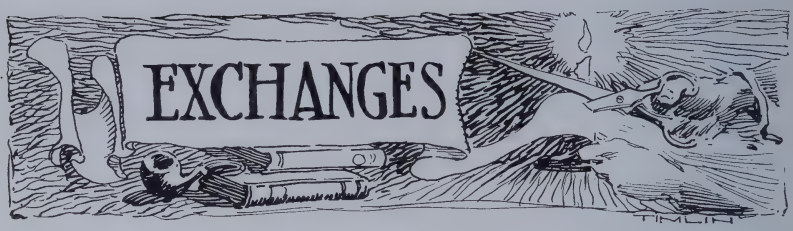
On Tuesday, May 30, 1916, Viator had its first homecoming of Old Students. Since that auspicious day when old friendships were renewed our Nation has gone through a crucial test and has come out a tried champion. It has been put through the fiery trial and has come forth branded pure gold. Viator's men answered the first call of battle in the same fashion in which they always responded to the beck of their Alma Mater. As victory has crowned the efforts of our nation's arms and most of our Alumni have returned to resume the duties of private life, Viator again sounds her clarion to her old boys and cordially invites them home to visit the halls wherein they received those high ideals which caused them so willingly to offer their life for liberty's cause. Although some of the old familiar faculty members may be missing, yet the call is made with that same heartfelt welcome as on the first Homecoming day. It is the good cause of Catholic education that extends its hand to you and invites you back to renew old acquaintances and recall old days of innoncence and real sport. It is for the noble work of upbuilding and keeping alive a united bond of true sympathy for our system of Catholic education. But more especially the call comes this year, that we may have an opportunity of lauding the heroic deeds of Viator's men in the war and of congratulating them upon the noble way in which they put into practice the ideals acquired in the halls of Alma Mater. To refuse to heed this welcome home, to allow any little feeling too small to mention keep you away is needless to say a trait not only unbecoming a son of Viator but even of a Christian gentleman. Necessity alone will keep you away on that day. Your big heartedness must rule on that occasion and grant to yourself the pleasure of

a day devoted to renewing old friendships, memories and lessons. A hearty welcome awaits you, a warm hand will be extended to receive you and a right conscience will sanction it.

Heed then the call!! Answer to the beck of your Alma Mater.

The Radical Man

It seems to be the commonly accepted opinion that the man who is not following the beaten paths of his predecessors, who is not hugging old traditions, who fears not to venture on new enterprises and express his views without dread of criticism, or who launches out into the sea of the unexplored theories of new government and achievements, is a man to be looked upon as unbalanced. He is called, with a meaning close to that of fanatic or imbecile, a Radical. Many indeed are too prone to look upon the Radical man as one who sins against that all solving argument of the conservative, the universal consent of men, and for this sin he is no longer one to be considered seriously. We cannot, however, deny that there is a class of men who deserve the term Radical taken in its perverted sense. These men are not the class to which reference is here made. Men such as Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Gallileo, Pasteur, and Columbus were men radical in the true sense of the word. They clung not to the old ways of thinking and acting and in doing so they were decried, put into prison and even looked upon as insane. Few believed in them, few assisted them, but many joined to throw obstacles into their new blazed trails. As time, the healer of all wounds and the solver of all mysteries, elasped, we came to the knowledge that these men, radical though they were, were the true geniuses of their age. They were the wise and learned, the courageous and original, the inventors and explorers, whose praises will continue to be sung for centuries. Of course, we must not greet every new theorist as a hero. Nevertheless, we should remember that to be original and courageous enough to advance a theory and defend it to its ultimate conclusion is a mark of the true man, though in doing so he veer from the trail marked out by other men. True genius is not found among the many, but among the few. It is very often stifled in embryo; due to the fear that one will be considered Radical. Let the Radical man pursue the apparently uneven tenor of his way and assist him in his just efforts to prove his case. If this were done in the days of the past we would not have to look back with regret on the days of Columbus and Roger Bacon. The thing needed to-day is to break away from the old beaten path of a barren conservatism and try to open new roads to advancement. Originality coupled with courage is what the world wants, but we have lacked it so long that we now mistake these virtues for something which we erroneously brand as Radical.



THE EXPONENT," of St. Mary College, Dayton, Ohio, impresses us as a substantial, well-balanced paper. Its articles are interesting, its stories entertaining, and its poetry pleasing. "The Mission of Erin's Apostle" gives us a brief account of the life and labors of the great Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick. In that account two ideas stand out most prominent: first, that the Irish as a nation were well-prepared to receive the deposit of Faith, and, secondly, that St. Patrick was well qualified for the mission that Divine Providence entrusted to him. And it was for these two reasons that the conversion of Ireland was so complete, and the fruits of that conversion were so abundant. Witness this in the heroic constancy with which the Irish have guarded the Faith of Patrick, and in the testimony of the learned Montalembert, whom the author quotes: "Suffice it to say that one hundred and fifty saints of Irish origin are honored as patrons and founders of churches in Germany alone, forty-five in Gaul, thirty in Belgium and thirteen in Italy." Thus has the influence of the "Isle of Saints," set aflame by the spirit of Patrick, spread itself over Christendom. Indeed the labors of the Apostle of Ireland were blessed by the Almighty. "Marion's Birthday" is a short story that sustains its air of mystery and suspense until the last line. The article entitled "Salvaging the Man" proved to be instructive and intensely interesting. It is gratifying to learn that the nations which gained the crown of victory in the recent war at the cost of so much blood and sacrifice realize their indebtedness to the men who engaged in mortal combat for them, and that they are making such strenuous efforts to refit maimed men for civil life. Such articles as this one are really worth while. A fitting tribute to the memory of one of America's greatest men is paid in "Roosevelt and the Strenuous Life." He certainly believed in and practiced the "Strenuous Life." Theodore Roosevelt is entitled to an honored place in the pages of history, because, by hard work, he made his life a power for the good of his country. "The Housing Problems in Modern Industry" deals with a sociological problem of vital concern to the industrial community. Conservation in the use of man power is one of the great lessons taught us by the war. As the writer of this article points out, manufacturers have found that they cannot get efficient service from their employees unless

they are properly housed. It is rather regrettable that efficiency is the highest motive that prompts employers to look out for the welfare of their employees, but at any rate the improvement of the living conditions of the working class will be productive of much good. The editor of the Exponent in an able editorial brings to our mind the fact that it is almost useless to hope for permanent peace in the world unless this peace come from the Prince of Peace, through his Vicar, the Pope. It is indeed a matter of regret that the Father of the Nations, the big-hearted Benedict XV, has no voice in the Peace Conference. Let us hope that God will pass over this insult to the Chair of Peter, and despite their unworthiness enrich with the blessing of a lasting peace his children, who are more prone to err than to do aright. It seems to us that the author of the short story, "The Result of Incompatability", would be obliged to do some clever explaining in order to justify the success of the Hon. Leslie J. Parker, B. A., LL. B. There is nothing in the character of the young Leslie Parker of college days to indicate that he would make more of a success in after life than he did in college life.

The St. Patrick's Day number of "The Laurel," St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y., is a fitting tribute to the memory of the Patron Saint of Ireland. A beautiful cover design adorns and makes this issue attractive. The author of "A Plea for Universal Justice" says with truth, that: "Without justice there can be no permanent peace." And he consistently concludes that unless Ireland, as well as other small nations, is given the right of self-determination, we cannot hope for a lasting peace. Again, he maintains: "England, treacherous and deceiving as you have always been, you must agree to honorable terms." I would that we had the same confidence as our friend. But alas! the war does not appear to have changed the policy of old "John Bull." He is the same old selfish, dominion-loving individual, and will sooner part with his roast beef than with his favorite slave, Ireland. In America indeed lies the present hope of Ireland, and it is a patriotic sentiment to say: "And America will see her project through to the finish." However, neither the Government of America, nor its chief representative, Woodrow Wilson, has given any very strong assurance that they have espoused the cause of the Emerald Isle, and will in the end have justice done to her. But, we fear that "Interests," and not justice will hold the balance of power at the Peace Conference, insofar as Ireland is concerned. When the author of this paper says that Ireland is entitled to "home rule," we suppose he means independence. Ireland is a nation, and as such is entitled to work out her own destiny, without any interference on the part of Great Britain. It was truly enlightening to be entertained with an article such as "Along the By-Paths of Irish

Philology." What a shame that this beautiful language should be almost destroyed. England has done her utmost to rob Ireland of one of her choicest possessions, but fortunately has not altogether succeeded. An independent Ireland will make notable contributions to the literature of the world, for her gifted sons and daughters will not be long in developing the beauty of their mother tongue. We need but quote two or three passages from "Ireland's Sacrifice in the World War" in order to put to shame maligners who claim that Ireland was a "slacker" during the war. For instance: "Sixty per cent. of Ireland's manhood was under arms before the armistice was signed. This percentage does not include the men in service when the war started, or those who enlisted in Scotch, Welch, or English regiments." What other nation can show this glorious record? Surely the blood of Irishmen that has flowed on the battlefields of Europe must be a convincing argument in favor of the independence of Ireland. Furthermore, the writer maintains: "Ireland has been second only to our own country in supplying food to England during the war." Would it not be for the best interests of England to keep such a nation as an ally, rather than train her to be an enemy? The speedy and complete conversion of the Irish to Christianity is well set forth in the short essay entitled, "Ireland." The author makes us aware of this fact when he says: "Then in the dawning of their Christianity, they became a nation of priests, bishops, monks and nuns." And he substantiates his statement by giving a long list of Irish missioners who brought the tidings of the Gospel to distant lands. "The Elements of Irish Literature" is an appreciative article on the literary accomplishments of the Irish. It points out some of the notable traits of the character of this people, which have been embodied in their literature. These are: their innate love of liberty;" "versatility of talent;" true love and respect for womanhood, and a never failing sense of humor. "The Constancy of the Persecuted Gael" but rehearses a thought which is familiar to all of us, namely, that no oppression or tyranny has been able to drive the Faith of Patrick from Irish hearts. Like the shamrock, it has refused to be trampled out of existence, but on the contrary has found nourishment and strength in persecution. "The Call" is an appealing short story on a subject that cannot fail to win our attention—the unexpected home-coming of a young priest. The author maintains an air of realism throughout the story. In a very convincing editorial, the editor of the "Laurel" establishes the fact that Ireland, like all other small nations, is entitled to self-determination. And this from the very fact that, "Of late it has been 'regarded as axiomatic that every nationality, just because it is a nationality, has an inherent right to be united and to be free.'" And for the same reason may Lithuania claim her freedom. The noble-minded sons of Lithuania, many of whom have become such excellent American

citizens, certainly should not be constrained to form part of Poland or any other nation. Another very timely editorial is that entitled: "One Million in 1919." And this does not mean a million sordid dollars, but a million noble Knights of Columbus, who will be a power for good in Church and State. By all means let us have the million Knights, and even two million, if possible. The Knights of Columbus have proved their worth and they deserve the support of every Catholic man. We would be guilty indeed did we fail to pay passing tribute to the thrilling poetry which comes from the loyal Irish heart of Amadeus Breffni O'Reilly. He certainly has an Irishman's love for old "Mother England," and the "Irish Love Song" would bring joy to the heart of any lady love.

"Columbus College Bulletin," Columbus College, Chamberlain, So. Dakota. It is our pleasure to welcome into the ranks of college journalism a new publication. Our joy in receiving the first pages of this paper is akin to that of a father who, for the first time, beholds the face of his new born son. We admire the enterprise of this rising young institution, which prompts it to shoulder the task of editing a college paper. Although the "Bulletin" is only in pamphlet form, at present, still we have the announcement that the Columbus College Bulletin will be a regular quarterly magazine next year. Again, Welcome! Columbus College Bulletin! We look for great achievements from you.

The Ex-man of "The Saint Francis," St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., has suggested that the exchange editors of the different magazines pick out an "All College" staff. Here is our choice:

Editor-in-Chief: John G. Brunini, Georgetown College Journal.

Assistant: A. Misukiewicz, The Laurel.

Exchanges: E. Dubuisson, Jr., The Borromean.

Associate: Richard J. Deger, The Exponent.

It is our pleasure to welcome the following new faces to our Sanctum: "The Niagara Index, Niagara University, New York; "The Patrician," Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio; and "The Labarum," Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa.

"YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU," by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros. Price: $0.75 net; by mail, $0.85.

"Take up and read" were the words that converted the illustrious St. Augustine. These stirring words might well be ap-

plied to every Christian who has seriously at heart the great affair of his salvation. The reading of good books is undoubtedly an effective means toward holier living. And fortunately there is an abundance of books of this character which can be obtained without much trouble and at small cost. Among the choice volumes which have recently been presented to the public is Father Garesche's, "Your Neighbor and You." Like all of his publications, this work is intensely practical, and suitable for men and women who are leading the busy life of the world—those who are too apt to sidetrack their spiritual concerns and regard them as matters to be attended to during a half-hour or an hour spent in the church on Sunday. To such people, we would recommend the reading of books such as "Your Neighbor and You," which will soon convince them that the spiritual need not be alienated from the material, but that the truth of the matter is their one great concern should be to spiritualize the material concerns of everyday life. The titles of the chapters in Father Garesche's work are suggestive of the means he recommends for the working of this transformation. For instance, do not these subjects interest men and women living in the world: "Our Talk at Home," "The Apostleship of Encouragement," "The Power of Praise," "Our Talk in Business," "The Ethics of Saturday Night," "The Poor—Our Creditors," "A Summer Opportunity," and others of a like import? Indeed they do, and no upright Catholic can afford to let pass the opportunity thus offered him to learn how to sanctify his everyday life.

To those who have read any of Father Garesche's books or articles, it is unnecessary to say that the style is simple, clear and entertaining. Those who have not yet become acquainted with this author will, we believe, agree with us, after reading "Your Neighbor and You," that he is all we claim him to be.

St. Patrick's Day

THIS day found students, Alumni and friends gathered together to chant the praises of Ireland's National Saint, whose spirit has kept alive, through all the long dark centuries of sorrow, the faith and patriotism of the children of Gael. The feast of this great saint was celebrated with impressive religious ceremony and a very enjoyable production by the Thespians.

At 9 a. m. Solemn High Mass was sung in the College Chapel. The celebrant of the occasion was the Rev. J. F. Mainville, assisted by Rev. J. F. Ryan, c. s. v., president of the College, as deacon, and Rev. Bro. R. L. French, as sub-deacon. The choir, under the direction of Father J. R. Plante, with Mr. Elmslie assisting as organist, and Prof. Martineau as orchestral director, displayed the result of thorough training and artful direction. The union of these talents made Rosewig's Mass in "F" a pleasure to linger for some time in the memory of its auditors. Very Rev. E. L. Rivard sang Millard's "Ave Verum" at the Offertory, and his rendition of this piece showed the touch of the master and artist. The Right Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D., '78, preached an inspiring sermon on St. Patrick, in which he depicted the glories of Ireland and the influence of the saint over his children through all the ages.

In the afternoon the Dramatic club staged the "Old Homestead," a rural comedy in four acts. The plot was skillfully executed and much realism was introduced to make the play a success. To the moderator of the club, Rev. Patrick E. Brown, assisted by Mr. J. J. Smith, is due the success which greeted the "Old Homestead". The college orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Martineau, furnished the music for the day, as did also the glee club in the performance. The following students were in the cast: Joseph Marron, J. J. Tinley, Harry Corken, T. Dun-

phy, Edward Hamilton, Leo Spinelli, C. Doyle, E. Conway, J. Loftus, Myles J. Hoare and J. Joseph Smith.

The Glee club was composed of H. McCormick, L. Poudrier, E. Surprenant, H. Graetz, W. Bunge, J. Marks, J. McEnroe, and John Lyons.

Minstrels

The Blackface Sons of Minstrelsy held forth in high carnival at the college Feb. 24th, when they presented "A Night in Dixie". Mr. J. J. Tinley presided as Interlocutor and was a decided success. The Bones—Messrs. J. J. Smith, T. Bunphy, and A. Smith, and the Tambos—Messrs. Thos. Smith, B. Faltus, and B. Doran, kept the house in a continuous uproar of laughter. The choruses were of high order and each soloist made a mark for himself in his role. The following gentlemen were soloists: G. Picard, J. J. Smith, J. Foley, H. McCormick, J. Connors, E. Surprenant, L. Poudrier, and H. Corken. They were ably assisted by Messrs. Sweeney, O'Brien Hamilton, Donahue and Marks. The novelties were furnished by L. Hollenbeck, H. Powalski, H. Marchi, E. Cullen and E. Mahoney.

Rev. P. Brown, c. s. v., was Director and to his endeavors the success of the performance is due.

A short time ago news was received announcing the death of the Very Rev. P. D. Lajoie, c. s. v., Superior General of the Viatorians. Shortly upon this notice followed another, calling the Clerics of St. Viator to meet in conclave and select delegates to the convention to be held in Brussels May 22 for the purpose of electing a new Superior General. The meeting of the members of the Chicago Province was held at the College. The Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D. D., Rev. W. J. Bergin, and Rev. W. J. Surprenant were selected to represent this province at the Belgium conference. Father Bergin is already in France and the other Reverend gentlemen expect to sail May 1st. Rev. Father T. J. Rice was selected as alternate in case any of the others would be unable to attend.

On the evening of February 11, the Cecilian Philharmonic Society tendered a reception to Very Rev. E. L. Rivard and Rev. Philip Dube of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill. The reception was in the form of a musical. Father Dube, who is an accomplished master of the piano, gave several selections that enraptured the hearts of his auditors. Father Rivard spoke touchingly on St. Cecilia and the influence of Music in general. Several numbers were also presented by the Music students. At the close of the reception a three course buffet-luncheon was served to the guests and members.

Arrangements for the annual outing of the Cecilian Philharmonic Society, to be held soon, are in full swing. Various committees have been selected to make the arrangements and the affair promises to be a grand success. The society has proven itself a social factor of great worth to the institution, by promoting the love of music and especially the spirit of good-fellowship among the students. The great interest shown by the music students is evidenced by the generous donations made by them towards beautifying their department. Among the many donations received are beautiful curtains and draperies, and a charming statue of the patron saint of music.

Player Piano

The Faculty Community Room has received a very substantial gift from the Knights of Columbus in the form of a splendid Steger Player-Piano and rolls. It is a gift much appreciated by the Rev. Brothers, who have found many hours of enjoyment in listening to its sweet harmonies. The faculty extend their sincere thanks to the Knights for their magnificent gift.

"The Upper Room"

On Friday, April 11, St. Viator's Dramatic Club, of St. Viator's Parish, Chicago, presented Robert Hugh Benson's liturgical drama, "The Upper Room," portraying the tragic story of Good Friday. Each actor deserves mention for the excellent manner in which they handled their part. Miss Margaret Hartigan, as Mary the Mother, was indeed par excellent. While Miss Irene Dunn as vocalist captivated the audiencee by her beautiful singing. The play was directed by Father Sheridan of Chicago, and was another gem added to his already brilliant constellation of successes.

The "Movies"

The Drama of Silent Art enters our collegiate walls weekly and upon the silver screen are featured the galaxy of stellar beings whose success has won for them the halo of fame. Pickfords, Talmages, Chapin, etc., pass in review, leaving the best impression which their art produces, while Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin cause the hearts of the Juniors to mount unto the seventh heaven of delightful enjoyment. The day of the "nickle" shows is past, and the 17c species now holds forth, but the "Viator Movie House" surpasses all records when they present the students with eight-reel dramas, which show the manager's artistic taste in the selections. Large crowds greet the performances, which are "run off" under the skillful direction of Father Plante and Brother Lee. Future bookings show that the coming "features" will even surpass the past successes.

Obituary

"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends."

Narcisse Rivard

After a lingering illness Mr. Narcisse Rivard, an old resident of Kankakee County, passed away. Mr. Rivard was born in Bourbonnais November 13, 1861. He attended St. Viator College in 1874. In 1880 he married Miss Louise Grandpre, who survives him. He is also survived by four daughters, one of whom is a member of the congregation of Notre Dame. His sons, Leopold, now deceased, and Rene were both students of the college in recent years. Mr. Rivard was a fervent Catholic and frequently received the sacraments during his last illness. The funeral was held from Maternity Church. To the bereaved ones, the faculty and many friends offer their sincere condolence and prayers.

Margaret Tinsley Valerius

On February 21 the angel of death summoned the soul of Mrs. Margaret Tinsley Valerius, the wife of the esteemed chef of St. Viator College. Mrs. Valerius had been sick for over two years, following an operation. Being a model of perfect Christian womanhood, never did she complain of her affliction, but was ever resigned to the holy will of her Creator. Each day found her awake early to welcome the Divine Banquet with which she daily nourished her soul. Surrounded by her husband sister, mother, and her only daughter, and grandchildren, and fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church, to whom she was so devoted all her life, she passed to her reward. Mrs. Valerius was born at Toronto, Canada, 54 years ago. To the devoted husband, aged mother, and loving daughter, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and pray God to admit her speedily into her heavenly home.

Mrs. Kearney

It is with regret that we chronicle the death of the mother of Reverend Fathers Wm. L. and Joseph R. Kearney. This saintly lady passed to her heavenly reward March 1st at Dixon, Ill. The funeral was held March 6th from St. Patrick's Church, Dixon. To the bereaved sons we extend our sincere sympathy, and offer them the solace of our prayers.

Rev. Louis A. Kroshowicz

Among the recent influenza victims we note the name of Rev. Father Louis A. Kroshowicz, who passed away after a very brief illness. Father Kroshowicz was well known in Bradley and had attended Viator for part of his philosophical training. His brief stay at our college did not give us sufficient time to learn the beauties of his quiet and amiable disposition which bloomed forth to his flock, who loved and admired him. Our heartfelt sympathies we proffer his grief stricken relatives.

To Emmett Jordan, H. S. '18, the Faculty and students of St. Viator extend their heartfelt and prayerful sympathies at the loss of his beloved sister, who went to her reward on March 1st. May her soul rest in peace.

A. Bergeron

On Sunday evening, April 6th, the community was startled to hear that the soul of Mr. A. Bergeron, pioneer of Bourbonnais, had been suddenly called to its heavenly home. Mr. Bergeron was making the mission, and while at one of the services was taken sick. He left the church, and made his way to his residence, only a short distance away. When other members of the family returned home, they found that death had preceded them and claimed their loved one. Mr. Bergeron was one of the well known pioneers of Kankakee County, a gentleman, a model husband and father, and a perfect Christian. The mass of requiem was celebrated by his son, Rev. A. Bergeron of Chicago, assisted by Rev. Father Marsile as deacon, and Rev. J. F. Ryan, as subdeacon. Many distinguished members of the hierarchy were in attendance. The remains were laid to rest in the village cemetery overlooking the valley of the Kankakee River. Mr. Bergeron is survived by a devoted wife, and three sons, one a priest, and the others prominent physicians in Chicago.

Obituary

"Alas! Alas! we ne'er shall see their face
Within those walls, nor greet them in this air!
As falls the rose-leaves from yon crystal vase
To bloom no more in ruddy fragrance fair,
So from Life's ruby glass their sands have run.
The toiler toils no more—their tasks are done!"

"Beati mortui, qui in Domino moriuntur."

Alumni

On February 19, the Faculty had the great pleasure of entertaining the Rev. Father Thomas Cleary. He was especially welcomed by the members of his "Virgil" class. Father Cleary is now pastor in Westville, Illinois.

The Faculty and students were glad to have in their midst once again their old friend, the Rev. Father McDevitt of Oak Park, Illinois.

Together with Brother Leo T. Philips, c. s. v., we rejoice at the safe return of his brother, Serg. John Philips, who was in France over six months. While training in Camp Taylor, John Philips was raised to the position of Sergeant Major. He was sent overseas and there worked in the American Officers' Headquarters. Early in February his Division, the "Lincoln," was ordered home. He has since resumed his former position with the Illinois Central R. R. at Clinton, Ill.

The flame of filial devotion towards Alma Mater is ever kept aglow by her dutiful children. It is indeed with a hearty welcome that she invites all her sons within her walls, and those who responded to her call during the last quarter were: Ensign Edmund Conway, A. B., '18. Edmund was on his way home from the east, where he had been stationed.

Ensign William Roche, B. S., '18, was also on his way home from the eastern naval camp. Both of these young officers have received their discharges.

Among others were Charles McBride, Harold Donaldson, John Gallahue, Patrick Meegan, Frank Kornacker, Charles Dinnen, James Corbett, Augustine Doyle, and James Cahill.

Leo Gartland, '12-'15, "Koke", Viator's star forward and third baseman, paid us a short visit. Koke alleges that his father's business could not succeed without his assistance. Hence the rush. We were all glad to see you, Koke, and we hope to see you here with the rest of the boys on May 30th.

Great is our pride and joy when we can greet again those heroic sons of Viator who have been in service both in France and America. This joy was realized when the many friends of

Sergeant William I. Walsh welcomed him back into their midst. You are no doubt aware that Sergeant Walsh has seen six months' service in the front lines; also that while on duty he was shelled, gassed and remained entombed for four days. Members of his company were fortunate enough to recover him and sent him to a base hospital, where he received immediate care and attention. Sergeant Walsh returned home early in February and has since resumed his former position in one of the largest commercial houses of Chicago.

Lieut. John Russell, on his way home from Camp Grant, where he received his discharge, enjoyed a few pleasant hours with his cousin James Gallahue and his many friends.

After an absence of five years, Lieut. Harry Kaminsky returned to St. Viator to renew acquaintances. Harry assures us that he would have visited his Alma Mater sooner, but that at the outbreak of the war he was assigned to the destroyer "Turkey" and was constantly scouting the High Seas in search of the Demon of the Deep. Harry's visit was indeed a short but extremely pleasant one. On April 15 Lieut. H. Kaminsky sailed for France, where he is now engaged in marine work.

Among the members of the S. A. T. C. Unit who returned to St. Viator for a little chat with their friends were: P. J. Scherer, T. Lee, Wm. Burke, L. Cahill and James Prince.

Major W. J. Potter, professor of Economics, '14-'16, is at present in a Red Cross hospital in Colorado recovering from a wound in the left lung received while in the thick of the Argonne Forest battle.

At the government's first call for volunteers Professor Potter quitted the Chair of Economics at Washington U. and entered service. He was sent to camp with the commission of Captain and was successively changed from Camp Lewis, Wash., to Camp Presidio, Calif., and then back again to Camp Lewis. His company was of the 361st Regiment and of the 91st "Wild West" Division. Early in September of 1918 his company was ordered overseas and there took active part in the decisive battle of the Argonne Forest. During one of the attacks their Major was killed; Captain Potter, filled with keen sense of duty and valor, took his place and there led his men to the defeat of the Boche. They had been fighting two long days and had received but few casualties. The Boche seemingly knew their address but could not spell it correctly. On the third day the Hun aimed a volley of shells at the American lines. Shrapnel flew in every direction, inflicting wounds upon many. Captain Potter suffered a broken shoulder, four broken ribs, a broken arm and a puncture in the left lung. His valorous deeds were soon recognized and immediately the authorities appointed him Major of his reg-

iment. His band of courageous men was cited by the French, Belgian, English and American officials.

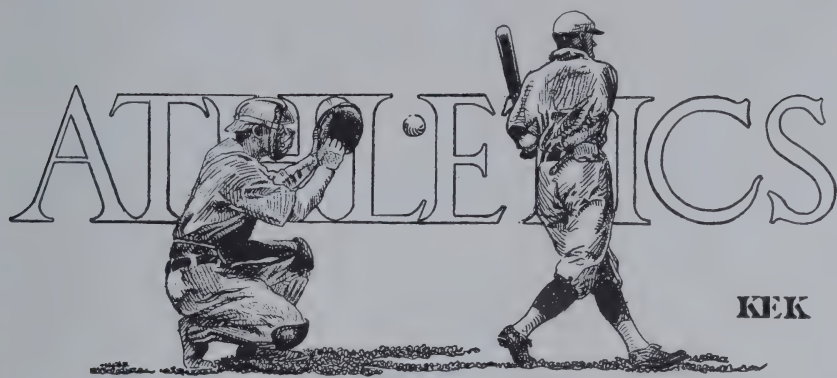
The "Wild West" Division returned home on Christmas Eve. Major Potter has been in the hospital since but expects to be out soon. He informs us that he will resume the Chair of Economics at Washington University in September.

Again must we inscribe on the Year Book another victory of that little dart-warrior, Cupid. On March 25, 1919, Captain James T. Burns was united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony to Miss Anna Laura Gernon, of Kankakee, Illinois. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, Illinois.

Surely Cupid is a wonderful warrior, he has even defeated this great World War Captain. Cupid teaches us that perseverance is the key to success. May this happy couple ever persevere in the high ideals they formulated on that happy day; and may their reward be the result of that great virtue, PERSEVERANCE.

T. W. is back on the job. Father Ryan was pleased to hear the other day that Mr. Thomas W. Reilly had received his discharge from military service and had resumed his practice of law in the National Life Building in Chicago. We wish him the success due a loyal citizen and alumnus.

Among the Reverend gentlemen whom the Faculty had the great pleasure of entertaining were: Monsignor Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Father J. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Surprenant, Beaverville, Ill.; Rev. A. Granger, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. W. Granger, Bradley, Ill.; and Rev. A. Mainville, Chebanse, Ill.



THOUGH the basketball season ended somewhat disastrously for our outfit, we feel justified in indulging in a little complacency after the series of conquests that preceded their fall in the tournament. Every game of the season was played with teams of superior weight and yet the record shows only one decisive defeat and one very dubious lose to the Great Lakes Aviators.

St. Viator 32; St. Joseph 13

The first encounter with St. Joseph did not interrupt the course of our conquering heroes. The game was staged at home and the Rensslaereans were played off their feet from the very start. Advantages of size and weight only served to render the futile efforts of the Hoosiers more ridiculous. "Pat" Sweeney played the star role both on offensive and defensive work in this tussle.

The line-up:

St. Viator		St. Joseph
Bushell	R. F.	Schaeffer
Lyons	L. F.	Rose
Sweeney	C.	Wellman
Kearney	R. G.	O'Brien
Delaney	L. G.	Harper

Field Goals—Bushell (6), Sweeney (5), Lyons (3), Delaney (1), O'Brien (3), Wellman (2).

Free Throws—Bushell (1), Lyons (1), O'Brien (3).

Referee—Ogden.

St. Viator 65; St. Ignatius 7

Viator's ancient rivals lost some of their wonted pride when "Abe" Delaney's bunch handed them the meager end of a score of 65 to 7. Former disastrous encounters had taught our boys to look for a hard fight and consequently there was a bit of dis-

appointment at the outcome of this engagement. Bushell broke all records by scoring fifteen tallies from the field. Lyons followed with ten. Condon of the visitors offered the only appreciable opposition to our boys.

The line-up:

St. Viator		St. Ignatius
Bushell (Fitz)	R. F.	Condon
Lyons	L. F.	Sullivan (Coffey)
Sweeney	C.	Koebel
Delaney	R. G.	McNally
Kearney	L. G.	Barth

Field Goals—Bushell (15), Lyons (10), Sweeney (4), Delaney (2), Fitzgerald (1), Sullivan (1), McNally (1), Barth (1).

Free Throws—Bushell (3), Sullivan (1).

Referee—Ogden.

St. Viator 30; Spalding Institute 12

Spalding Institute offered some stiff opposition but not sufficient to cause any great alarm to our fighting Trojans. Only for the first few minutes did the issue remain dubious; then the home quintette found their stride, and it was easy sailing for the rest of the time. Lyons came to the front again in this quarrel by putting away ten field goals while Bushell caged six from the ring.

The line-up:

St. Viator		Spalding
Bushell	R. F.	Fahey
Lyons	L. F.	Rathum
Delaney	C.	Colgan (Donnelly)
Kearney	R. G.	Maloney
Korkey	L. G.	Whalen

Field Goals—Lyons (10), Bushell (2), Malone (3).

Free Throws—Bushell (6), Malone (6).

Referee—Ogden.

St. Viator 26; Great Lakes Aviation 30

The game with Great Lakes will long be remembered at Viator as one of the most spectacular ever played in the home gymnasium. The reputation and series of victories that the flying gobs brought to Viator did not dishearten the home crew, who went into the game with a determination to win. At the whistle for the half the score stood 22 to 18, with the balance low on the Viator side. The second half was played to a deadlock, 26 to 26, with the locals fresh to the end and fighting like fiends. Five minutes overtime and a couple of unfortunate accidents lost the game to Viator. Disinterested spectators attribute the defeat to an obvious foul overlooked by the referee in the last few minutes of play. "Grid" Kearney, on the hospital list, was replaced by John Korkey, whose clever passing and

defensive work gave him the honors for individual playing. Bushell and Lyons, playing the forward posts, were handicapped by the superior weight of their opposing guards and were obliged to score by the long route, which they accordingly did. The feature of the game was a brilliant tally by "Abe" Delaney from his opponent's ring. A like enthusiasm has never been witnessed in Viator gym. Every score brought a roar of applause that threatened to raze the building to the ground.

The line-up:

St. Viator		Great Lakes
Bushell	R. F.	Cook
Lyons	L. F.	Tilleson
Sweeney	C.	Von
Delaney	R. G.	Bernard
Korkey	L. G.	Robins

Field Goals—Bushell (5), Sweeney (4), Lyons (2), Delaney (1), Cook (4), Tilleson (4), Von (5), Bernard (1), Robins (1).

Free Throws—Bushell (2).

Referee—Ogden.

Baseball

Fair weather brought out the baseball recruits in large numbers as early as the nineteenth of March. Bushell, Delaney and Lyons were the only veterans to report, but among the new recruits Father Kelly has found a number of exceptionally talented performers. "Pat" Sweeney, a product of Spalding Institute, who figured so prominently in basketball this winter, is heaving them from the mound. Baer is holding the backstop position in big league style. Barrett, Smith, Walsh and Bolger are other newcomers who have attracted much attention by clever and consistent work. Bohnert holds second place on the pitching staff and is doing admirable work.

A practice game with the Kankakee Browns was an easy victory for our boys and served to bring out the faults as well as the good points of the team. After the first two innings the 'Varsity lost its stage fright and pulled themselves together, winning the game by a score of 7 to 1.

University of Illinois 11; St. Viator 0

Father Kelly showed his confidence in his team when he picked out Illinois U. for the first game of the season. Considering that this was the first game of the season, the account rendered by our outfit ought to inspire optimism. Not until the fifth inning did the Viator crowd find the Champaign hurler, and then only for two hits which did not register a tally. Sweeney pitched a good game, allowing only five hits.

Viator
Academics

The line-up:

Illinois	St. Viator
Diehl, lf	Bushell (C), ss.
Doss (C), cf	Barrett, 2b.
Kaiser, c	Baer, c.
Ingerson, 1b	Delaney, lf.
Kopp, 3b	Smith, cf.
Barklage, 2b	Bolger, rf.
Springston, ss	Lyons, 3b.
Johnston, rf	Walsh, 1b.
Wropskey, p	Sweeney, p.
Ryan, p	Fitzgerald, 2b.

Academic Activities

The Minim Basketball League

The Juniors took the championship in the Minim league without much opposition, after holding the lead from the beginning of the season. The Shamrocks and Maroons fought hard for second place. The Invincibles were the victims of unpropitious fortune, losing the mainstays of their team through illness. O'Laughlin, Ahern and Soucy divided the honors for the greatest number of baskets.

The final standing is as follows:

Team	Captain	Won	Lost	Ave.
Juniors	M. Artery	9	1	.900
Shamrocks	O'Laughlin	4	6	.400
Maroons	Greene	4	5	.444
Invincibles	Kehoe	2	7	.222

The Academic Baseball League is ready to be launched as soon as the Easter Recess closes and enthusiasm over the outcome is at its height. In two games staged with Kankakee the Acks have shown their pep, easily winning both performances. They took also the honors from the Seniors again as in basketball and football.

Prof.: Are you Hungary?
Joe: Yes, Siam.
Prof.: Come down to the store and I'll Fiji.

John: What is he going to speak on?
Joe: On the stage.
John: Well?
Joe: Well?
John: Oh!

F. S.: What passage did you like best?
S. S.: From the stage to his seat.

Jawn: Gee! The collection on that bench looks like the village graveyard.
P. S.: Yes, we do see funny sights at our "movies."

A GOOD ONE

Bill: (Deleted.)
Sam: "
Ed's note: It's rotten and we won't have it.

Bro.: What is a dialogue?
H.: A sort o' conversation in which dogs talk.

Ed: Bill Shakespeare was an awful boozer.
Pat: Huh?
Ed: Bro. said that at times he had too many feet and couldn't get them on one line.

Once upon a morning dreary, as I wandered, weak and weary,
Up and down the ice-cold flag stones of the frigid second floor—
As I stumbled, lowly grumbling, suddenly there care a rumbling
As of something gently tumbling, tumbling in my middle fore.
"'Tis that blooming fruit," I muttered, "Tumbling in my middle fore,—
Merely prunes and nothing more".

A big, long beard and a hurling brick
Was our conception of a Bolshevik.
But a conje strike and the noiseless "can"
Has changed our ideas concern the clan.
(For further particulars write or 'phone M. W.)

Reverberations from the fourth floor M. H.:

"He could not be king because his mother was a female. I brain you with a chair. Well, P. P. said to come back. Get out of here before I kick you out. Come back with a note. If I had ten cents and take fifteen from it, how much will I have left? Twenty-five cents, Bro. Ye gods! Free drill for you, young man."

F. K.: So you have studied astronomy?

Spot: Oh yes, I overlooked it a little.

F. K.: Well, how far away is the most recently discovered star?

Spot (rapidly): 32,000,000,340,271,916,422,101.23 miles.

F. K.: Would you mind repeating?

Spot: Yes, I do think we will have rain this evening.

John: How much are the rings, Bro.?

Bro.: Two dollars.

John: Give me a nickel's worth of jelly beans in two bags.

T. S.: Did you enjoy the game with Kank?

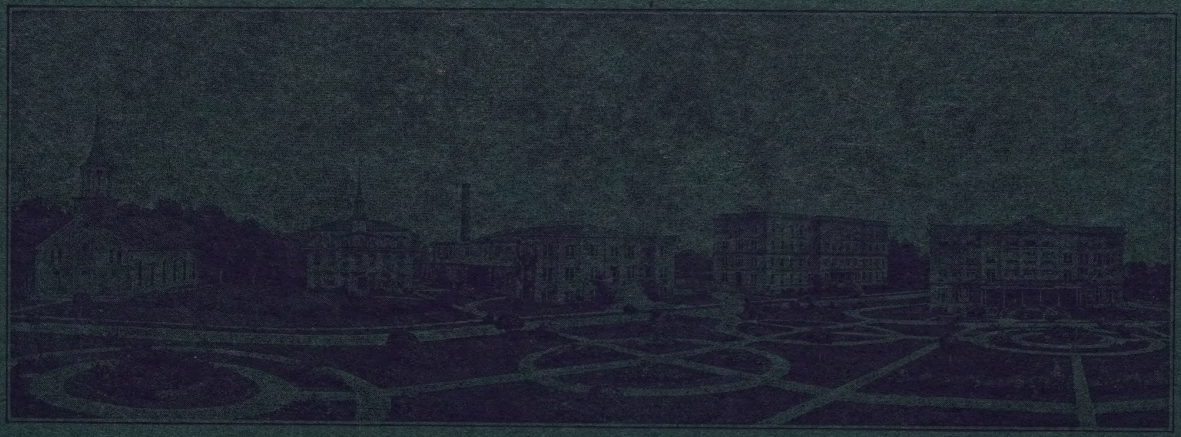
Tin.: Not as much as the dry humor of Dunphy expended on Radeke.

Extract: "Bananas is raising a moustache, otherwise we are all happy."

With a pleasing grin—"Whatcha know bout dat?"

St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

A College for Young Men



A College of Recognized Standing

ESTABLISHED 1868

ST. VIATOR COLLEGE offers seven college courses leading to one or the other of the following degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Letters, Bachelor of Science in Biology, Bachelor of Science in Chemistry, Bachelor of Science in Mathematics, and Bachelor of Science in Economics.

CONNECTED with the College is St. Viator College High School, a well organized four-year high school in which the student may elect from seven distinct groups of studies the one best suited to his aptitude.

TO MEET the needs of those boys and young men who cannot attend the regular sessions of its School of Agriculture, St. Viator College has instituted a Winter Course. This year the course opens Monday, November 12, 1917, and closes March 27, 1918.

RESIDENT students have four hours of study and four hours of recitation a day. An average of one teacher to every twenty pupils gives a splendid opportunity for individual work.

The College invites the inspection of the public.

Address the REVEREND JAMES F. RYAN, C. S. V., President of the College, Bourbonnais, Illinois